Week ending April 2 1955 Every Wednesday Fourpence

JOHN BULL

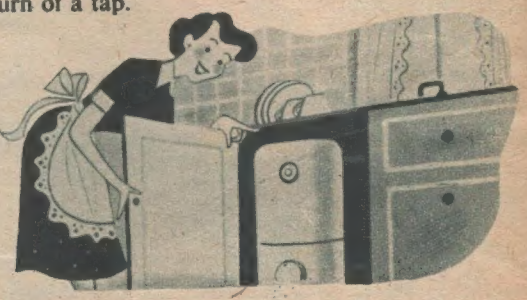
'HIGH ADVENTURE' by Hillary of Everest

'THE LITTLE WALLS' by Winston Graham

Of course the water's hot -it's electric!

HAVE YOU STAYED in a house where electric water heating is installed? Their owners always make light work of household chores. Go into the kitchen and see why. Just turn on the tap and there it is—instant, piping hot water. For the sink, a neat electric heater supplies all the hot water necessary for kitchen use. There's no waiting — the thermostat keeps the water at *exactly* the right temperature.

Baths? Of course, there's always hot water. But where's the heater? You seldom see and never hear electricity heating the water. That's the beauty of electricity — out of sight, out of mind, just install and forget. There's no moisture or grime, no need for special ventilation — no need for expensive repairs. You just go on getting hot water at the turn of a tap.



Take the large heat storage type of water heater — it is one of the most economical ways of providing hot water for the whole house. And there's the thermostatically controlled immersion heater fitted to the main hot water tank. It's ideal in the summer months. These are two more really efficient and *economical* methods of water heating.

The electric water heater is one of the
Four Foundations of Modern Living

Call in at your Electricity Service Centre **. . . where you can see a range of modern electric water heaters, get helpful advice and hear all about very attractive easy terms.**

Issued by the Electrical Development Association

EDITORIAL

The robot age

IT was recently announced that the railway works at Swindon are to be equipped with an electronic machine which will do the work of a staff of clerks. The clerks are to be employed on other duties.

The Robot Age has sneaked upon us almost unawares.

Automatic computing machines—circuits of valves and wire which are popularly called "electronic brains"—were at first scientists' playthings. They could be made to play noughts and crosses, or draughts, or even opening games of chess.

BUT now they are being applied to industry. The simplest "brain" is the thermostat which keeps a domestic hot water tank at the right temperature. The most complicated can solve, in minutes, equations which would take Einstein years. In between come the new industrial robots, which can perform factory operations.

MR. WALTER REUTHER
"Much wisdom is needed"

This is no longer theory. In Ford's new American plant, electronic brains linked to factory machines, serviced by 250 mechanics, now yield double the output of 2,500 workers.

Walter Reuther, head of America's Congress of Industrial Organisations, has already warned that "Push-button factory production threatens us with mass unemployment. Much social wisdom is needed to match this scientific advance." And he urges trade unionists not to attempt "a vain, embittered fight" against Automation, as the electronic age is being called.

In Britain, the T.U.C. is beginning an inquiry into the implications of the robots. And they are frightening.

AN experimental robot in the Vauxhall car works at Luton, tended by two semi-skilled men, now passes a gearbox through sixteen operations formerly carried out by twenty skilled men. It is claimed for a British accounting robot that it could replace all but seventy of the 2,400 National Insurance staff at Newcastle.

The "no dismissals" policy at Swindon is possible, obviously, while there are still only a few robots. As they multiply, we may find ourselves in a superabundance of leisure in an abundance of robot-made goods. Mankind may be lounging in a luxurious dole queue.

It could be paradise. Or it could cause more human suffering than is threatened by nuclear fission. Yet there is no move in Whitehall to plan for this vast industrial revolution that is almost upon us.

The first job is to make an expert inquiry into what Automation will mean in terms of unemployment and working hours. It is a job that must be started soon.

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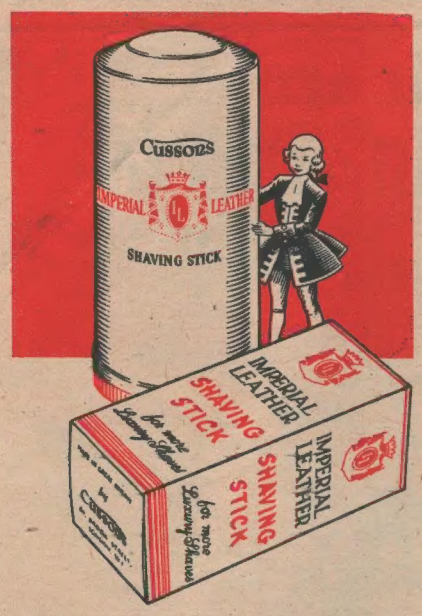
Which are the nicest Biscuits for ALL Occasions?

OVALTINE
Biscuits
The Discriminating Housewife's Choice!

AT ALL SHOPS selling biscuits

089



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IMPERIAL LEATHER
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This firm, free lathering shaving stick is a joy to shave with, and a luxury that lasts.

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IN PLASTIC CASE 1/11
FROM ALL GOOD SHOPS

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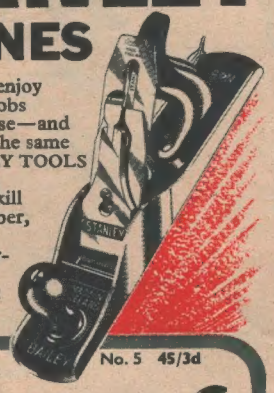
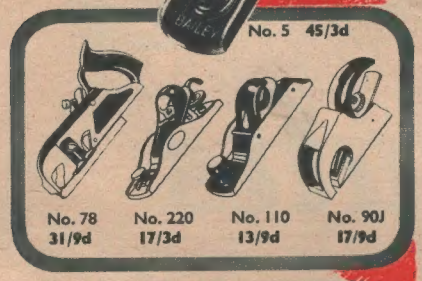
to 'DO-IT-YOURSELF' WITH
STANLEY PLANES

Try it! You'll enjoy tackling those jobs around the house—and save money at the same time. STANLEY TOOLS are designed to increase your skill . . . and remember, craftsmen and hobbyists everywhere choose STANLEY first —to *last!*





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200 ILLUSTRATIONS
Instructions on correct use and care of tools. 3/-

EASI-BILD PATTERNS
No skill required. Just trace on wood, saw and assemble. Stanley Tools ensure a professional finish.

From your local tool trader

STANLEY REGISTERED TRADE MARK.
THE TOOL BOX OF THE WORLD

FREE SPEECH

He plays the game—on his own

AT my school we played football in the winter and cricket in summer. The boys who could play one game could usually play both, but there were very many youngsters who had no interest in either. They spent sports' afternoons cross-country running, chivvied along by masters on bicycles.

I spent my games' periods this way, and ten years later it cost me a good deal of time and money to learn to play a reasonable game of golf—which I can enjoy without having to find twenty-one other enthusiasts and a referee.

When they leave school, nine out of ten sportsmen become onlookers because adult team games need such extensive organization, so many players, and because there is so little pleasure for the "rabbits."

Education should include training in relaxations like golf, swimming and angling—which can be enjoyed alone, at any time, and at any age. —P. G. HILL, Aylesbury.

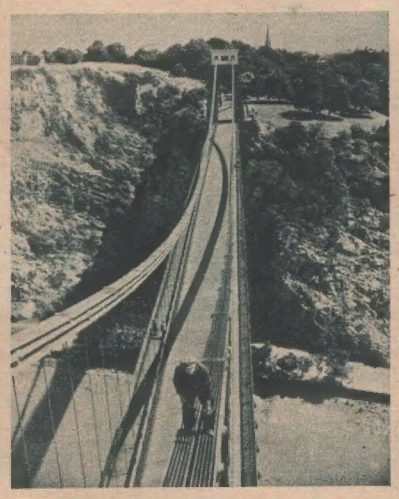
Complete Anglers

WALKING along the banks of a Norfolk river which had fallen in level, I saw several rowing boats slowly drifting down the edges of the stream. Aboard them men with cleavers and rakes were cutting down rushes and weeds and pushing them under water.

It seemed a pointless operation, so I asked a local water bailiff what the men were doing. "They're fishermen saving the lives of thousands of fish," he told me. "When the level of the water falls, fish spawn is left hanging to weeds above the water. They're making sure the spawn is immersed so that it can hatch out. It's as good as restocking the river."—J. GREEN, Cambridge.

Bridge Of Sighs

YOUR story about the rebuilding of the Menai Straits Suspension Bridge ("Free Speech," March 5), intrigued



me. Bridge building and maintenance always seem tremendously daring jobs.

When I was in Bristol a couple of years ago, a workman was walking —apparently quite happily—along the suspension cables of the Clifton Suspension Bridge carrying an oilcan in one hand, and with the other hand in his pocket.—G. M. VALLANCE, Taunton.

In the photograph, a workman is oiling the suspension chains of the Clifton Suspension Bridge—nearly four hundred feet above the River Avon.

Snookered

IN an American courthouse recently, I saw two youths of about eighteen sentenced for causing wanton damage. The magistrate told them that as they had no more sense than billiard balls, they should be made to look like billiard balls.

Their pictures appeared in the afternoon papers—with their heads completely shaved. Some of our

"teddy-boys" might respond to treatment like this.—MRS. R. BOOTH, Chestnut Avenue, Todmorden, Lancs.

Postal Redress

I HAD always understood that mail posted behind the iron curtain arrived here heavily censored. Yet letters I receive from friends in East Berlin never bear signs of official tampering. The only "censorship" appears to be on parcels—and that's done by our own Customs.—MARY SIMPSON.

"There is no official censorship on mail arriving here from Communist countries," says the Foreign Office, "but letters addressed to Britain are, nevertheless, sometimes opened. The practice seems to vary from time to time and place to place. Occasionally, letters from Communist countries have to be handed in unsealed at local post offices."

Solitary Refinement

AS a bachelor girl living and working in New York, I was a well-served member of the community. Hairdressers and shops stayed open until long after office hours, and I could buy small quantities of food at a time.

Most important of all were the bachelor girl apartments—tiny flats which shared communal kitchens equipped with a dozen or so cookers and a giant refrigerator. The space-saving kept the rents down, though every tenant had her own cooker, kitchen cabinet and refrigerator space.

In England, shops close at 5.30, I can't buy less than a whole cabbage —which is enough for four meals, and no one has ever thought of my housing needs; bed-sitters are too confined, and self-contained flats are too big and expensive.—MISS K. BRIANCE, Pimlico, London.

Motoring Manners

WHY is it that normally cultivated, kindly people become ill-mannered madmen when they are driving motor cars?

A colleague who drives me to the office every day is a kind-hearted family man and a courteous neighbour. Yet as soon as he starts his car his character alters completely. He shouts abuse, races other motorists to turnings, and considers it an insult to be overtaken by a smaller car.

I told him about his unpleasant trait as we were driving to the office the other morning. He turned his motoring manners on me. "You can always go by train," he said.

An hour later he apologized. "But," he added in self-defence, "there are so many impatient fools on the road you can't help getting annoyed sometimes." — K. D. DILKES, Swansea.

Muffling The Mule

WE have just moved to a district where our television set is useless. No longer do we have to keep the baby out of the way so that the older children can watch children's television; there are no more hurried good-byes to friends so that we can see the play; the boys have time to do their homework properly; my husband has returned to his old worthwhile hobbies; and I don't have to cut mountains of sandwiches for my husband's friends when sporting events are televised.—MRS. M. V. JONES, Cambrian Place, Carmarthen.

Stands—Corrected

EDMUND HILLARY'S story of the expedition to Cho Oyu (JOHN BULL, March 19), made exciting reading, but as far as my reference books are concerned Cho Oyu doesn't exist.

Hillary says it is the seventh highest peak in the world; at 26,867 feet it should come fourth in the reference books I have consulted.—V. A. DENHAM, Cheltenham.

Most general reference books ignore the second and third highest mountains of a group in favour of the highest. Thus Lhotse, the fourth highest peak in the world, is not usually mentioned because it is so near Everest. The world's seven highest mountains are Everest, 29,002 feet; K2, 28,250; Kanchenjunga (1), 28,146; Lhotse, 27,890; Makalu, 27,824; Kanchenjunga (2), 27,803, Cho Oyu, 26,867. (Figures based on the Survey of India.)

Submarine Ferry

THE photograph of Grove Ferry ("Free Speech," March 12), reminded me of the wartime days when I was stationed at West Malling R.A.F. station.

One Monday morning I cycled to Grove Ferry to catch a train to

In John Bull Next Week
COULD BRITAIN BEAT OFF ATOMIC ATTACKS?
by Air Chief Marshal Sir Philip Joubert

Malling. No ferry was to be seen, but in mid-stream the top half of a motor coach was showing above the water. Apparently the coach had sunk the ferry the night before and its passengers had climbed out of the windows to be rescued by a rowing boat. — N. F. CROUCHER, Preston, Canterbury.

Fair Fares

IT seems wrong that fare rates on slow, non-corridor trains should be the same as on fast, main-line

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6

Easter Parade

High days and holidays. High Teas, hospitality and jugs of

Real Cream. Cream and nothing else. Cream of the cream to make the passing guest feel delighted and honoured.

To add a palatial touch to puddings, and meringues and éclairs. To glorify all the fruits under the sun. Do be sure you have enough Nestlé's Cream to see you through the holidays with glory. Think of a number of tins. Double it. Any you may not use will remain sealed, safe and country sweet, ready for the next time you want to be specially kind to yourself.

Nestlé's cream

Real cream. Very special.

Happy birthday to him!

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR THE YOUNGER BOY

PRICE
47/6d.

The TIMEX Hopalong Cassidy wrist-watch is the sort of birthday present youngsters dream about! Like all TIMEX watches it has the famous *V-Conic shock-resistant movement* which cannot be overwound. Streamlined chrome case, dustproof seal, unbreakable glass, stainless steel back, tough leather strap—all the features of a grown-up's watch are combined in this Hopalong Cassidy model. And a Good Luck message in Hoppy's own handwriting is engraved on the back. In gift box containing realistic miniature saddle. From your jeweller's, Fully Guaranteed.

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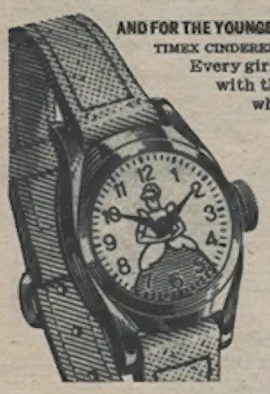
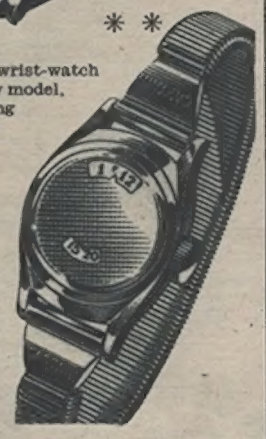


AND FOR THE YOUNGER GIRL HERE'S THE TIMEX CINDERELLA wrist-watch. Every girl will fall in love with this pretty watch when she opens its gay gift box and sees it nestling in a glass slipper! Fully Guaranteed. **47/6d.**

TIMEX SPACE TRAVEL wrist-watch—a fascinating new model, packed in an exciting gift box containing an Inter-planetary Compass! Fitted with stainless steel expanding band. Fully Guaranteed. **47/6d.**



TIMEX
SHOCK RESISTANT
FULLY GUARANTEED

Send for leaflets showing TIMEX *Children's wrist-watches also range of Ladies' and Men's models and address of nearest stockist to:* TIMEX, 161-167 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

The choice for a lifetime

In the natural process of trial and error you'll find all the good reasons why so many men get a lifetime of pleasure from "Player's Medium".

Ask for this AIRTIGHT *2 oz. pocket tin* **8/10d**

Also in 1 OZ. PKTS. **4/5d**

PLAYER'S MEDIUM NAVY CUT TOBACCO

[NCT 82] *John Player & Sons, Branch of The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain & Ireland), Ltd.*

FREE SPEECH

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

expresses equipped with restaurant cars.

On the Continent supplementary tickets are often issued for special trains. It might be a good idea if any fare increases on British Railways were in proportion to the services offered.—CYRIL FISHER, Mayfield Drive, Bare, Morecambe.

British Railways have supplementary charges only on services using Pullman cars. On the Brighton Belle, an all-Pullman train, the extra charge is 1s. 6d. third class, and 3s. first class. Generally, though, British Railways' policy is to speed-up existing services, and not to worry about the prestige value of luxury travel.

Bird's Eye Clues

THE "Maid of all work in the air"—the Auster—was not the first aircraft to be used for artillery spotting (JOHN BULL, March 5).

As an artillery signaller in 1915, I remember a lumbering rattle-trap biplane spotting for our battery. When the pilot came to congratulate us on our shooting, we gave him a brass shell case as a memento.—W. V. LITHGOW, Redhill, Surrey.

Air Ministry records say the first artillery spotting by aircraft was during the Battle of the Aisne in September, 1914. The observer fired coloured lights to indicate whether the shelling was short, over, or to the left or right of the target.

Request Stop

I SAW a man standing by one of the flashing beacons at a zebra crossing the other morning. He stood there for several minutes and then stepped into the road just as a bus was approaching.

The bus slowed down, the man nodded his thanks to the driver, and then nipped smartly round and jumped on to the platform. He had saved himself a four hundred yard walk to the bus stop.—W. MARTIN, Croydon.

"A habit to be deplored," says the Automobile Association, "but not illegal. There is talk of legislation in the new traffic bill to stop the misuse of pedestrian crossings."

Feaster's Bonnet

ONE of the tourist attractions at an Italian university town I visited last summer was the variety of fantastic hats worn by the students. They were all the same shape—rather like Robin Hood's cap—but they were covered with amazing collections of emblems and decorations.

I bought one of the wearers a drink, and learned what it was all about. He told me that in his first term at an Italian university, an undergraduate wears a plain hat. As he becomes less of a freshman he adorns the hat with decorations and emblems to signify his academic interests, his hobbies, sports, and even his political inclinations. And, as my informant took pains to tell me, the hat entitles the wearer to free food and drink on the feast days which end each term.—J. WALKER, Harrow Weald, Middlesex.

The student in the photograph wears a black hat, indicating that he

studies science. The radio valve shows that his particular interest is electrical engineering, and the miniature wine bottle could suggest a favourite pastime.

Citation For Taffy

I RESENT strongly John Masters's suggestion in "Song of the Second Lieutenant" that Welsh soldiers are illiterate (JOHN BULL, February 12).

"Couldn't write their names" indeed! The Welsh soldier was—and still is—the most intelligent, the best educated and the bravest in the British Army.—T. TRAPPITT (major, retired), Avonmouth, Bristol.

Closed Shop?

LORD SEMPILL and the Food Standards Committee have done a good deal to stop "fiddling with food" (JOHN BULL, March 5), but the real need is for a consumers' union.

Customers are the only people who can control the food-fiddler, the jerry-builder and the makers of shoddy clothes and gimcrack furniture.—FRANK SHAW, Nyland Road, Huyton, Liverpool.

Several organizations which are trying to raise the general standard of consumer goods are considering forming a Consumers' Union. Another body—the National Federation of Women's Institutes—has advised its members to practise "consumer resistance," and send unsatisfactory products back to the makers.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THERE must be a first and and a last, and it's easy to see who's who in the end of term test. But the smugness of one and the envy of the other won't last. A recent scientific report says that slightly built swots often overdo it and work themselves out. Many well-built boys who fail at first could later become first-rate students. The present exam system makes this difficult. But nowadays, educationists realize there are many "slow developers," and are trying to give them the chance of higher education. "All very difficult to explain to parents," says Douglas Mays. "Better, for the moment, to enjoy the holidays."

What's your triangle?

Red or Blue

Bass RED TRIANGLE is a full-bodied pale ale of good Burton birth and breeding. It is naturally matured in bottle, and has, therefore, a small but rich sediment. When you pour it, pour gently and carefully, leaving the sediment in the bottle.

Bass BLUE TRIANGLE is the same good Burton pale ale, but naturally matured and then filtered *before* bottling. No sediment here. Bumped about in your car, or put into the fridge for chilling, it stays crystal clear to the last drop, always.

Great stuff this Bass

There's a good programme this evening — get a few bottles in.

It's so easy to plan meals when you use the

'Prestige' way of cooking

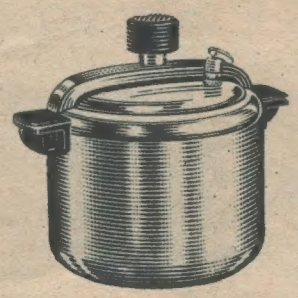
Anyone who can cook at all can make exciting new dishes easily and so quickly with a 'Prestige' pressure cooker. It opens new fields of cooking variety to the modern-thinking housewife. Have you ever thought of cooking a fricasse of chicken or a fruit pudding with your pressure cooker? If you read the 'Prestige' recipe book (free with every 'Prestige' pressure cooker), you'll find taste-thrills to tickle the palate of family, guests, everyone!

BOILED BEEF AND CARROTS

Remove trivet, cover beef with water, bring to boil and throw away water. Again cover meat with water, add quartered carrots, onions, turnip, bring to boil and skim. Lower heat to simmering point, cover 'Prestige' and bring to 15 lb. pressure. Allow 15 minutes per lb. Reduce pressure, return to heat, add dumplings to boiling stock and cook for 5 minutes.

make the **Prestige** *way*

your way of cooking



There are seven famous models to suit families of all sizes. Illustrated is the 'Prestige' Minor—price 69/6 including separators. From all good stores and ironmongers.

If you're living on your nerves

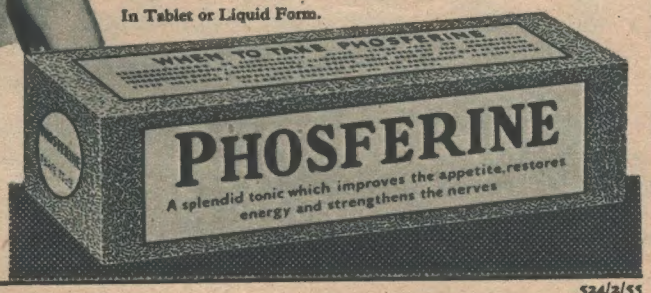
then read this letter

"... My nerves had become so tense, almost to breaking point, and I became very irritable as a result of overwork, so I decided the time had come to do something about it, my first thoughts were Phosferine ... *I am now feeling as fit as a fiddle again* ... I have proved its wonderful value."
(*Signed*) *Mrs. G.P., Coalville.*

How PHOSFERINE benefits the nervous system

It is only too easy to go on neglecting yourself when you are overworked, over-worried, or subject to some unusual nervous strain. But it is wiser, at times like these, to make good use of Phosferine. You'll notice, when you take Phosferine, how the appetite improves. This is important—for it is a sign that Phosferine is doing you good, doing your nerves good, giving you the extra vitality you need. Get a supply of Phosferine now.

In Tablet or Liquid Form.


WHEN TO TAKE PHOSFERINE
PHOSFERINE
A splendid tonic which improves the appetite, restores energy and strengthens the nerves

PHOSFERINE PROMOTES GOOD HEALTH

524/2/55

LETTERS OF CONSEQUENCE

"Thanks to this letter—my most exciting show"

says

CICELY COURTNEIDGE

Because I have a favour to ask you. I wonder if I could come across & see you after the show?

Love Cis

"It was while I was playing in 'Her Excellency,'" says Cicely Courtneidge. "Ivor Novello was playing in another show nearby, and one evening I sent him across a letter by hand, asking could I call in to see him after the theatre. I wanted to ask his help for a friend of mine. I thought perhaps Ivor could find her a job.

"As soon as Ivor saw me, he said 'I'm glad you've come. I'd love to write the music for your new show.' He thought I had come to ask him that! What a lucky misunderstanding! For that was the way Ivor came to write the music for one of my most successful shows—'Gay's the Word.'"

You never know how important a letter is going to be until after it is written. That's why it's wise to use Basildon Bond and make sure that *every* letter you write looks pleasant and attractive. "I always use Basildon Bond," says Cicely Courtneidge. "That way I know my letters will always look good."

Basildon Bond suits every kind of pen. And you'll find it's wonderful value, too.

Basildon Bond

CHOSEN BY DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE

A John Dickinson Product

Mosquitoes spread a mysterious fever that kills three million people a year. Nearing the end of their long fight against it, British scientists sought a volunteer who would risk his life. To help their research . . .

CHARLES HOWARD CHOSE MALARIA

by DON EVERITT

Shute (left) ushers Howard into his laboratory. In humid heat he breeds the only mosquitoes in Britain that can inflict malaria

THREE HUNDRED MILLION people, an eighth of the world's population, suffer from malaria. Every year the disease kills at least three million. Every year, tens of thousands more die from tuberculosis and other diseases, solely because chronic malaria lowers their resistance to infection. "Malaria," says a United Nations report, "is almost certainly the mass disease which has the greatest effect on the greatest number of people."

The symptoms consist of bouts of fever which usually recur on every second or third day for up to two months. Each bout, lasting about ten hours in an uncomplicated case, has three stages, beginning with paralysing chills and shivering, developing into a prolonged burning, aching fever with an unquenchable thirst, and ending with a drenching sweat. Death results usually from infected red cells of the blood blocking the brain.

Malaria is so powerful that it has dislocated wars since the time of Alexander the Great. Ironically, the last war caused more intensive research on malaria than has ever been made on any other disease. DDT and drugs like mepacrine and atebrin (which protected our men and virtually turned the mosquito into an ally against the Japanese) were among the early results. One series of investigations ended only recently. After years of quiet effort, a group of British scientists has produced the greatest discovery in malariology for fifty years . . . .

Early in the warm, pleasant evening of October 10, 1949, Charles Herbert Howard, an introspective, mild-mannered bachelor who then worked as a radio operator at the Ministry of Civil Aviation, arrived nervously at the Mott Clinic, a department of the sombre, rambling Horton Mental Disease Hospital, on the outskirts of Epsom. Percy George Shute, an elderly man in a white coat, greeted him enthusiastically, asked him if he felt fit, and showed him to a bedroom.

A little later, Shute called for Howard and took him down a long corridor to a door bearing, in heavy type, the word DANGER and a drawing of a mosquito alighting on to a human skeleton. Shute ushered Howard in. The room had double doors and double windows. It was hot and humid. On a bench stood several cages made of wood and cloth netting. Inside them hummed hundreds of mosquitoes.

"We'll feed them on your arms first," said Shute, "then on your thighs."

Howard removed his coat and rolled his shirt-sleeves high. Then he sat on a stool, and, at Shute's direction, gently wriggled a hand and arm through a sleeve-like opening in one of the cages.

Scores of tiny needles immediately began to prick Howard's arm. To ensure the highest possible proportion of bites, Shute had starved the hundred now feeding, along with another four hundred, throughout the previous forty-eight hours.

After twenty minutes, Shute removed the cage and helped Howard to put his other arm into a fresh batch of a hundred mosquitoes. These also fed for twenty minutes. Then Shute asked Howard to return to his room and lie on the bed with his thighs bared.

Shute had the remaining three hundred unfed

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLIAM KEMP

mosquitoes in batches of fifty in small glass jars topped with netting too fine to allow the insects to escape, but coarse enough to let through their extended probosces. Two laboratory assistants held hot-water bottles against Howard's thighs to raise the capillaries and give the mosquitoes easier access to the blood, then applied the tops of the glass jars to the reddened skin for twenty minutes. By eight o'clock, Howard's part in the proceedings ended for the evening.

Back in the insectarium, Shute and his colleagues transferred the mosquitoes to small cages and examined them, one by one, against a diffused light to discover how many had actually fed. Of the five hundred, about a hundred had no blood in their transparent stomachs. Shute put these into a separate cage.

Howard had a sound night. The next day, he strolled into Epsom, did a little shopping, went to a cinema, and returned to the hospital in the late afternoon. After tea, Shute offered Howard's thighs to the hundred unfed mosquitoes again. Now, only a handful did not appease their appetites.

Irritation Was Unbearable

On the morning of the third day, October 12, Shute gave most of the first batch of mosquitoes a second feed. The diffused light afterwards showed that by now the mosquitoes had drawn blood from Howard 770 times. Large areas of his arms and thighs swelled and reddened, and the irritation became almost unbearable. A nurse bathed the skin with lotion.

Although the irritation preoccupied Howard, it was a mere incidental to Shute. Throughout the three days, he had busied himself dissecting sample mosquitoes from each batch and examining their salivary glands under a high-powered microscope. With every sample, he had observed happily that each gland, from which the mosquito injects a solution into its victim to prevent its blood meal clotting, contained an average of 45,000 parasites of *Plasmodium falciparum*. This meant that, in return for their meals, the mosquitoes which had fed on Charles Howard had injected into him millions of these parasites. In other words, in the quiet serenity of an English suburban hospital, Shute had given Howard an infection of the deadliest form of human malaria, hundreds of times worse than he could ever have got in the middle of a tropical swamp. So far, Shute told himself, so good.

Parasites Gave Fever Bouts

Doctors, malariologists and research chemists had misunderstood malaria for more than forty years. The life cycle of the malaria parasite has two phases: one in man, the other in the mosquito.

The cycle seemed completely explained when, in 1905, a German biologist, named Schaudinn, vividly reported an experiment in which he claimed to have seen the parasites entering the red cells immediately after human blood had been infected. It was already known that the bouts of malaria fever occurred when the parasites burst out from the red cells. Now, it was assumed that the parasites incubated in man in the blood cells.

For thirty years, eminent authorities firmly approved Schaudinn's work.

A few men grew dubious. Among others, Percy Cyril Claude Garnham, a parasitologist in the Colonial Service, tried in vain for years to repeat the German's experiment. Others observed that the blood of a man newly infected would infect other men only for half an hour after the mosquito had bitten him: during the rest of the incubation period, even large injections of his blood would not produce malaria in others. Where did the parasites go? How could they be still in the blood?

Men like Garnham continued to explore the bodies of human beings and animals killed by malaria, hoping to find the elusive and minute incubating parasites. Then, in 1947, Garnham reported from Kenya that he had seen incubating malaria parasites in the liver of a monkey.

In England, a few months later, Garnham and Colonel Henry Edward Shortt, then professor of parasitology at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, experimented on a rhesus monkey. Again, they found parasites incubating in the liver.

Still it was by no means certain that any one of the human malarias hid in the same place. The only logical step was to find out by experimenting on human beings, using, in particular, the malignant *Plasmodium falciparum*.

Shortt, and Garnham, who was by now reader in parasitology at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, invited three other men to assist them: Sir Neil Hamilton Fairley, the country's leading tropical diseases physician; Sir Gordon Covell, director of the Medical Research Council's Malaria Reference Laboratory at the Horton Mental Diseases Hospital, Epsom; and Percy George Shute, Covell's assistant director.

To Shute fell the first job. He had to breed two thousand mosquitoes, infect them with *falciparum*, then infect the human "guinea pig." It was a job which, oddly enough, barely took him outside a routine which he has been carrying out for more than twenty-five years.

Malaria Cures Disease

The explanation is that, by a weird, unsolved paradox of nature, malaria, the world's worst killer, is also a swift, sure cure for one of the world's most tragic diseases, General Paralysis of the Insane.

Since 1925, controlled malaria induced at Horton (or at other hospitals with infected mosquitoes supplied by Horton laboratory) has cured thousands of British men, women and children of this otherwise incurable and fatal complaint.

The parasite normally used at Horton is not, however, *falciparum*, which the experimenters needed, but the much less virulent *vivax*.

Shute set the experiment moving in April, 1949, sending to Professor Michael Ciuca, director of the Cantacuzene Institute, in Bucharest, for blood infected with *Plasmodium falciparum*. A tropical strain of *falciparum* would really have been ideal, but Shute knew from experience that only the Rumanian strain would survive in the mosquitoes that he could breed at Horton.

Ten cubic centimetres of infected blood, treated to prevent clotting and packed on ice in a flask to preserve the parasites, arrived in London by air on April 23. Shute took the flask by car to Epsom, and the same day a doctor injected eight cubic centimetres of the blood into a G.P.I. patient awaiting malaria therapy. Twelve days later, the patient developed a fever.

Stock Of Mosquitoes

From this patient, Shute infected other batches of mosquitoes and, in turn, three other patients over a period of four months. He aimed to get a patient carrying a heavy concentration of "ripe" parasites.

At the same time, Shute and his staff built up and maintained the stock of two thousand mosquitoes. In a constant temperature of seventy-five to eighty degrees Fahrenheit and in a humidity of eighty per cent, the insects breed in the laboratory with little attention. To provide the blood meals essential to the female mosquito's reproductive process, a small pig lives in the insectarium.

The mosquitoes hatch in shallow earthenware pans of rain water, each holding three hundred eggs. Narrow slices of grass sods and a little dried seaweed and very finely ground dog biscuit feed the larvae. In sixteen days, the larvae

A nurse holds gauze-topped jars, each containing

become adult mosquitoes which will live for about a month.

To get a batch of so many female mosquitoes simultaneously ready for infection normally takes Shute a month. Actually, the final generation has to contain close on five thousand insects, to allow for untimely deaths and for the males which are useless for malaria therapy because they do not feed on blood.

While the Horton laboratory hummed with activity, Shortt and Garnham, at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, sought a volunteer for the experiment. Fortunately, Shortt remembered that a year earlier a man had walked casually into the school and offered

fifty infected mosquitoes, against Howard's leg. Shute watches as the insects feed on his patient

himself for any malaria experiment. The man's name was Charles David Howard.

Howard was thirty-nine at the time. The only son of an Indian Army officer, a thirty-year man, he had spent his youth in India. From 1933 to 1938 he had been a radio officer on merchant ships. He had sailed the tropics from Central America to Siam, and he had seen every tropical disease from beri-beri to yaws. In 1934, Howard's father retired and came home to England, to find that he had malaria. A two-year course of treatment at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine cured him.

Howard, junior, worked for the Ministry of Civil Aviation after he left the sea. A bachelor, he is of average height, with fair, slightly balding hair and a mottled complexion. His manner is quiet and pleasant yet tense: his speech is sharp and his gait is stiff.

On the day in 1947 when he passed the school where his father had received treatment, an impulse drove him into the building. Colonel Shortt saw him, greeted him warmly enough, and listened to his offer. He said, however, that all the volunteers needed for experiments came from the staff and students at the school. But he would keep Howard's name on his records.

Shortt was glad that he had kept Howard's name. For this particular experiment, he preferred, significantly, to use someone who had volunteered outright, rather than invite volunteers from within the school or use a patient at Horton. He wrote to Howard. Howard promptly called at the school.

Shortt came quickly to the point. "I don't know if you realize what is involved, Mr. Howard, but if you agree to go through with the experiment, and if you are found to be fit enough, you will first be bitten on the arms and thighs by several hundred mosquitoes. Just before the fever develops we shall operate on you and take away a small piece of your liver.

"There is an element of risk, because we shall give you an unprecedented infection of the malignant type of malaria, but you will have the best medical attention, and we expect no complications. The operation itself will have no ill-effects, because, of course, the liver will grow again."

Howard hesitated. "I hadn't thought of anything on such a scale. I——"

"Please don't imagine you are under any obligation. A member of the staff here has also offered himself if you decline. But when this thing arose, I recalled your visit, and I would certainly be happier using you, because the other man is married, whereas you have not the same responsibilities."

"All right," Howard said. "I'll do it."

Infection Kills Its Victim

The one source of danger in the experiment arose from the fact that never before had anyone received such a colossal infection of the *falciparum* parasite. The infection had to be so great because if parasites were to be found in a small piece of Howard's liver there had to be plenty of them, since they measure less than one five-hundred of an inch across. Yet *falciparum* malaria is dangerous even when caused by a single mosquito bite. If it is not treated quickly with drugs, it almost certainly kills its victim. How were the drugs going to act on a case of *falciparum* malaria seven hundred times greater than an average infection?

A few days after Howard's interview with Shortt, the senior physician at the Hospital for Tropical Diseases, London, examined him and found nothing to prevent his taking part in the experiment.

At Horton, Percy Shute had by now had the fourth General Paralysis of the Insane patient infected with the *Plasmodium falciparum* and was closely following the course of the infection.

The incubation period lasted twelve days, then the patient's temperature shot up to 100.4 degrees Fahrenheit. On the second day of the fever, Shute found the first signs of the ring-shaped parasites in a blood sample.

The Patient's Colour Paled

Three more bouts of fever racked the patient in the next six days. Each new bout came as the parasites, having fed and multiplied in the red cells, burst out to attack new cells. It takes 150 million parasites to cause fever symptoms in a ten-stone man; it takes about 1,500,000 million *falciparum* parasites to kill him.

With each bout of fever in the G.P.I. patient, Shute's microscopic examination of his blood cells showed the proportion of infected red cells rapidly increasing. As more of the parasites fed on the haemoglobin in the red cells, the patient's colour paled. During the third and fourth bouts of fever, he had to have sulphamethazine, a drug which reduced the intensity of the infection without interfering with the production of parasites.

After six days of fever, the G.P.I. patient recovered for a week, then relapsed. This fresh onset of fever brought the first parasites which could infect mosquitoes. Shute had to be certain that these parasites were "ripe" and that there were enough to go round the

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THE LITTLE WALLS

by ***WINSTON GRAHAM***

ILLUSTRATED BY ZELINSKI

I was combing Europe for this girl Leonie. In a week she had moved four times. Had she something to hide?

GREVIL, MY BROTHER, was an archaeologist with a fine scientific brain. I knew him better than most people did. It was just incredible to me, Philip Turner, that he should have thrown himself into a muddy Amsterdam canal because of the break-up of some squalid love affair.

But that seemed to be the general opinion. Even Grace, his wife, accepted it; accepted, too, that he had been conducting a liaison with someone called Leonie. A letter from this woman had been found on his body.

None of it made sense to me. I told Colonel Powell, the official who was in touch with the Dutch police, that I was going to Amsterdam to see what I could learn. He tried to dissuade me, but, when he saw that my mind was made up, he gave me what help he could.

The police were still trying to trace the woman, he said, and they were also looking for a man named Jack Buckingham, who had been with Grevil on his last expedition in Indonesia and had flown back to Holland with him. Buckingham was an international adventurer and a slippery fish to net. If I wanted to know more about him, there was an ex-naval officer named Martin Coxon who might help me.

Coxon lived in Rye. He seemed to be something of an adventurer himself and I got the impression that he had an old score to settle with Buckingham—he didn't need much persuading to agree to come to Amsterdam.

The canal where Grevil had been drowned was in one of the toughest districts—De Walletjes (literally, The Little Walls)—and a woman named Hermina Maas had been the only witness. I went to see her, while Coxon waited in the street outside.

She occupied a shabby room in an old house and she was very frightened about something. I parted with a hundred guilders before she began answering my questions. . . . Yes, she had seen my brother from her windows. He had been arguing with a bearded man——

Suddenly she stopped talking and her face went white. In the mirror behind her I saw the doorhandle turning slowly and the door opening. A man came into the room.

PART TWO

"We Don't Want Trouble"

I GOT up sharply. He was a big man, middle-aged, with a stomach. His hair was of faded fairness without being quite grey, and his eyes seemed to crouch behind his spectacles. If it hadn't been for his clothes and his eyes he would have passed for a schoolmaster or a respectable clerk.

He shut the door and said in fairly good English: "What are you doing here?"

"What business is it of yours?"

He said: "What is your name?"

"Turner."

"Mine is Mr. Jodenbree. I live in these parts."

I said: "Say what you have to say and then get out."

There wasn't much colour in his eyes at all as he stared at me; pupil and iris the same. I'd seen that look somewhere before. "What I have to say? It is that we don't want trouble. We like it quiet. Mina is a good girl, but she is not used to being quiet, see?"

"I say nothing tonight, Joe. Nothing at all."

"Oh yes, you say nothing because there is nothing to say. But we do not like snooping. It is time that you go, Mr. Turner."

"I'll go when I'm ready," I said. "Wait outside for me, if you want to."

He said gently: "Perhaps you think I am a bluff. I am Mr. Jodenbree. If that does not mean anything to you, then that is a happy innocence. You can only keep that innocence if you very quickly go."

I said: "I don't *want* to bring the police in again. We might make a deal."

With one plump, freckled hand he fumbled in the pocket of his gaberdine coat. He got out a silver whistle. "Once I was a trainer of dogs," he said. "That is why I am patient. With fools I am very patient. But if a dog is a fool too long I beat him. It is the same now, only now I no longer have to do it myself."

You could see he had done this sort of thing before, by the timing, by the inflexion of his voice; it was all there, the shabby technique of terror. Looking back, I've wondered if I was afraid. Fear disguises itself as anger so that you can never be sure.

I reached a hand across and let the window blind go. It went up with a rattle, and the woman jumped as if she had been shot.

Mr. Jodenbree said: "You think that will help you? That will not help you. Leave the blind, Mina. It is no matter."

I said: "Don't you think we're both rather old for that schoolboy stuff? I have made you an offer. There are certain things I want to know. When I know them, I'll go and trouble you no more. Chiefly I want to know about Buckingham."

At that he began to laugh, soundlessly, his mouth open a little. He looked quite jovial. "Buckingham? I do not know the name. Who is he?"

"The man you were with the night my brother was killed."

I knew now where I'd seen those eyes before. During the war there was a morphine addict in the hospital at Gibraltar.

"I do not think you are clever to say that. It is clear that patience with you has a very poor reward. In two minutes——"

As he spoke, the door behind him opened again and Martin Coxon slipped in.

Jodenbree turned and hesitated. "Ah, so," he said, and blinked. "So this is how it is." The new arrival had put him off balance.

"This is how it is," Martin said.

"I hoped you'd come up," I said.

"I thought it was time."

Jodenbree made a movement with his hand.

"Don't use that whistle," Martin said, "or I'll stretch you out."

The girl was trembling. I could see her hand as she tried to put her cigarette down. She gripped my arm. "Get out of here, *now*! Go home. Go from Holland!"

I turned on her. "Was my brother murdered

I heard footsteps coming up the path, and the

sound of voices speaking in English. I pressed myself back against the palm tree, waiting. Now, perhaps, I had come to the end of my search . . .

out there? Did you see him killed from here?"

"No, no, no, no!" she said vehemently. "I saw nothing! Please go at once."

Jodenbree's face twitched angrily. "You see what she talks. If you wish to go back to England, you will go now."

As he turned, Martin hit him. I don't know if it was all good judgment or partly luck, but I haven't seen much better from a fast middleweight, and it was as vicious as a snake. Jodenbree was hard enough for all his stomach, but his head jerked back and he went down like a folding umbrella. Things were clawed off the dressing table as he fell.

The girl screamed. "You fool! You damn fool! He'll get you for this! And me! He——"

Coxon pushed her back. "Shut up or I'll put you out, too. Shut up and sit down!" He turned to me. "Now ask her your questions."

I pulled Jodenbree away from the electric fire. He was right out, and there was a trickle of blood from his lip where his teeth had come together. His spectacles were hanging off one ear. After the awful clatter, the place was suddenly quiet again; it was like brawling in a house of death. The girl fumbled, finger-nails scraping, picked up her cigarette. Her breathing was checked and noisy.

Martin wiped his hand across his nose. ". . . Petty hucksters crowing on their own dung-hills. I could put *him* in the canal. The right place . . ."

The girl was swallowing the smoke, drawing it in and swallowing it and staring round. She looked sick under her make-up.

Martin turned on her. "*Listen*—what did you see that night Dr. Turner was killed?"

She said hysterically: "Why do you come here to do this? Why do you come here? They will think it is my fault!"

"We want the truth about Turner's death. We're not the police; we can't be fobbed off with any damned story! He was murdered, wasn't he? *How?*"

"I tell you, I see nothing more! Nothing——"

"Was he pushed in? Was it this fellow who did it or one of his rotten, diseased friends?"

"I want a drink," she said. "I think I shall be going to faint."

Martin jerked angrily round. "There's gin in the corner, Philip."

I slopped some into a glass and handed it to her. After he'd tried one or two more questions, I put my hand on his arm. I said to her: "You're tired now. Is there somewhere we can meet tomorrow, away from all this? Somewhere where it's safe for you to talk to me?"

"Nowhere is safe for me to talk! And nowhere is safe for you. Go home, you fool."

Martin watched her drink and then glanced at the figure of Jodenbree. He said in an undertone: "I doubt if we shall get more out of her tonight."

She had drained her glass. I said to her: "Can't you help us? Won't you help us?"

She seemed to be listening for something outside. Certainly she was not paying much attention to what I said. Then with an effort the hysteria cleared and she focused her eyes on me. "Take your money and go home before you are in the canal yourself."

Martin opened the door an inch or so. We glanced at each other, weighing the advantages of staying and the risks.

"All right," I said. "There's no more point in this now."

He opened the door wide. His knuckles were

bleeding. I said: "But we can't leave this fellow here."

"Why not?".

"He'll blame her."

"She can look after herself."

"We can carry him down into the street. Get hold of his knees."

"Even touching him makes me want to spit."

We carried him down. She slammed the door the minute we were out and we had to grope our way down the stairs. Jodenbree got bumped about a good bit. At the bottom, Coxon said: "This'll do. They'll take him for a drunk." We dumped him on the bottom step.

Out in the street the mandolin had begun again. The sound blew upstream in the cold air from the North Sea. The lights reflected in the canal were like drowned faces, shivering where the breeze touched them. Nobody stirred on the empty cobbled quays. Martin gave a hitch to his tooled leather belt.

I said: "Thanks for helping out."

"Not very tactfully. But a man like that—it's the only thing to do. . . ."

"Well, it's one thing to do."

He glanced at me and sucked his knuckles and spat. The blood from his hand had smeared his upper lip.

"Don't expect wisdom from me, Philip. I do what I think when I think. Anyhow, he wouldn't have let us get away—not in front of the girl. He'd soon have brought his friends. I'm not fond of being beaten up, are you? Let's go."

I was wakened next morning by the buzzing of the telephone at my bed. It was late because we'd stopped out late. Martin had refused to go home and had wandered from place to place, trying to find the old haunts he had visited years ago. At one place he had borrowed an accordion and sung half a dozen songs—two by Schumann, *Du bist wie eine Blume* and *Der Hidalgo*, and some by Fauré. When he sang was like when he smiled: the darkness left his face and he looked about twenty-five and happy and free from disappointment. He seemed the classic man of action, whom only discipline might defeat.

For me these later adventures of the evening had had the effect of making the first one seem less tense and perhaps a little less important, so that when at last I got to bed I had slept soundly for several hours.

I lifted off the telephone.

"Mr. Turner?"

"Yes?"

"This is Inspector Tholen speaking. Good morning. I do not know you are in Holland. When do you arrive?"

"Only yesterday. I hope I may come to see you some time." Get it in first.

"But, of course. What I was about to suggest. Colonel Powell mentioned you may come."

Did he indeed. The voice went on: "Today, perhaps? Let me see. . . . For lunch?"

"Thank you."

"The American Hotel, at one? Good. You are alone?"

I hesitated. "No, I have a Commander Coxon with me. I don't know if you've met."

"No. But please to bring him also if you like him to come."

Ten minutes later Martin came into the room and sat on my bed. I told him of Tholen's call. He said: "Confound the fellow. I've been trying to find another man who might be able to help us, but if he knows we're in touch with the police. . . . You've accepted for me?"

"Tholen must know I've a friend with me, or he soon will. But please yourself. . . ."

"Oh, I'll come. I want to hear what he has to say."

Inspector Tholen tapped the ash off his cigar, and a fog of smoke drifted across the table. "I wish you have come to me yesterday, Mr. Turner. The visit that you have paid is very unwise. It is good that you come to no harm."

I said: "If you suppose we were in some danger last night, why are you so sure there was no foul play in my brother's case?"

"Foul play," said Tholen, "leaves foul marks. The medical evidence is for you to see."

"Were there no other witnesses besides Hermina Maas? In a place like that surely . . ."

"In a place like that witnesses are hard to find. All say their blinds were drawn. But we are still trying."

Van Renkum said: "Was your brother a man liable to nervous exhaustion, Mr. Turner? Did he ever take stimulants or sedatives, do you know? Pheno-barbitone is the universal cure-all of today. It's prescribed for every Tom, Dick and Harry, and it's not hard to obtain."

"He wasn't either a drunkard or a drug addict, if that's what you mean."

"No, I don't at all mean that. But the more brilliant a man is, the more highly strung. The danger of the barbiturates is loss of memory which can perhaps lead to an overdose. . . ."

I was still trying to get used to the idea of being entertained to luncheon at one of Amsterdam's best hotels by an inspector of police. It couldn't happen in England. Perhaps it didn't happen here except when a man like Grevil Prior Turner came to a bad end and was esteemed as he had been esteemed. Perhaps that, too, explained Van Renkum, a very superior Dutchman who spoke English with a purer accent than I did and seemed to be here in no official capacity. Martin made a silent fourth, his handsome pallid face closed up, secretive, thoughtful.

I said: "Have you any more information about Buckingham?"

"We have had much communications with Jakarta but there is still some difficulty in the way of full co-operation." Tholen looked uneasily at his companion.

Van Renkum frowned. "What Inspector Tholen means is that the feeling between our country and Indonesia is not yet all it should be. So if we ask co-operation on international matters we do not always receive it."

Tholen nodded vigorously. "But now one of my men to Jakarta a week since was sent, to look into this for us. Yesterday he leaves on his way home, so tomorrow we shall know more."

Coxon at last broke his silence. "We know about Buckingham having been in Java. What we want to find out is where Buckingham has got to now."

"So. But in police work it is often what has gone before which tells what is to come. We hope for a full description of Buckingham to add to yours, Commander Coxon; perhaps some sure means of identification; perhaps, who knows, a photograph. Already our man has cabled news. We know how Buckingham meets Dr. Turner. In three, four months of late last year, and early this, a ship, the Peking, has been running arms from the Philippines. There is a port in Java held by the Dar-ul-Islam. These are Moslems in revolt against the central government. This Buckingham runs the ship. But in February she is holed by a government plane and beached. Buckingham loses everything."

Tholen turned his hairy face on me. "Your brother is a very kind man, helps the down-dog, is of a strong and charitable friendship. His assistant is fallen ill. This Buckingham makes himself useful. So. No doubt this Buckingham has no money and Dr. Turner pays his fare home. But in Amsterdam Dr. Turner dies and this Buckingham disappears. It seems that he does not fly on anywhere else. Perhaps yet we shall find him."

"And the girl, Leonie?" I said

"No foreign-born woman enters or leaves Holland with that name. It is perhaps a pet name. If, of course, she is Dutch that is a difference. Among Dr. Turner's friends here there have been many inquiries and about his two other visits last year, but so far nothing."

Van Renkum said: "There is one other matter, Mr. Turner. How far did your brother go in the first atomic experiments? I hesitate to mention it, but these days the strangest things can happen. Diplomats disappear and your best friend takes a plane to Russia."

"He's been out of touch for twelve years. Anything he knew then would be practically prehistoric. But, of course, his sort of brain would be an asset to any country if he chose to use it."

"That's what I wondered—whether any pressure could have been brought to bear on him to do something that he was not prepared to do."

Martin accepted the cigar offered him by Van Renkum. ". . . Do you know a man called Jodenbree?" he asked.

There was a flicker of a glance between the two Dutchmen. Tholen said: "A man who

The plump girl touched my arm, and looked up

at me pleasantly. "Do pardon me," she said. "But your wet shoes are dripping on to my friend"

lives in the Oude Kerksplein? Do you meet him last night?"

"Yes."

"He is not a good character. He has influence in all that district. Do not accept his friendship."

"I don't think it was being offered."

MARTIN lit his cigar. He shook the match out impatiently. "I'm only an observer, as you know, trying to help Mr. Turner. I've no axe to grind. But the more I see of this the less I'm sold on it. If Grevil Turner had shot himself in his hotel bedroom . . . suicide, yes, you'd accept it there. But not how it happened and where it happened. Not in that district. Not among men like Jodenbree. Turner's death has been rigged to look like suicide. Somehow, for some reason, he was killed. If that woman hadn't seen it happen and called the police, he'd have disappeared altogether. Weeks later he'd have been 'found drowned' and the verdict would have been death from misadventure. . . ."

"But the testimony of Hermina Maas is that——"

"She was fool enough to talk when everyone else was afraid to talk. But she realized in time that she was in danger and made up the suicide story. Even now she lives in terror of her life."

"And the letter found on him?"

"It doesn't convince me of anything."

"And the manner of his death?" said Van Renkum coldly.

"God knows. God knows. Held under water perhaps. There are ways that will fox the pathologist even yet."

A gleam of sun fell on the tree-lined canal outside. Tholen said: "It may yet be as you have said. I do not think so, but we may find it so. In the meanwhile, I think there is much danger if you, either of you, act on your own. You understand me?"

"Oh, yes."

"It would give me much pleasure to have a promise from you not to act on your own."

I said: "I don't feel I can give that."

Tholen looked at me. It was a careful look, weighing me up. "I am sorry, Mr. Turner."

"I'll not look for trouble," I said. "But my time is short. I feel I must use it as I think fit."

In the early evening Martin got a cable from his mother. There had been a burglary at their bungalow. It was a long cable and he smiled a bit sourly.

"My mother occasionally still sees herself as the helpless young bride needing someone to depend on, and me as a husband-substitute. But she'll get over it."

At dinner he told me more about himself. His father had been the younger son of a Scottish peer and Lottie Bernstein, the actress, and had himself become a theatrical producer. "He did very well for himself and was quite a hit with the ladies. Too much of a hit because his constitution hit back and he died at thirty-five. I don't remember him much, but I used to go up and stay with my grandfather, Lord Callard, in Fife. He was an old devil, but a blue-blood to his finger-tips. My mother was a teacher at a kindergarten when Dad married her."

Towards the end of the meal he reverted to the cable he'd had and decided to wire telling his mother to phone him in the morning.

WHILE he was sending this, I walked round again to the Hotel Grotius to see the receptionist who'd spoken to Grevil's woman caller. I'd been once before, but she was off duty. This time I found her. Grevil's friend, she said, had given her name when she called, because it had had to be phoned up to his room; but she hadn't the least recollection of what it might be, or whether it was even a married or an unmarried one. She'd a vague idea that it was a foreign name and short, possibly English. The lady, she said, was pretty and seemed to speak her English with slight difficulty.

"Do you mean that she spoke it like a foreign language?"

"Well, I think several times she hesitated over a word."

Another receptionist remembered Grevil coming into the lobby the day before with an attractive girl and a man, and they had gone into the bar for drinks, but the bar-tender didn't remember them.

I walked home feeling that not one fact of any value had come out of our efforts so far. And time was running out.

The following morning, while we were at breakfast, Mrs. Coxon rang, and Martin came back after speaking to her to say he thought he should go back after all. The old lady wasn't so young as she used to be, and there was some trouble over the insurance. I suggested to him that a couple more days wouldn't make much difference, but after a certain amount of hesitation he said he felt he should go.

He got a seat on the twelve-thirty plane, and I went with him to the airport.

"I'm sorry that I haven't been able to help more," he said. "Believe me, it hasn't been for the lack of the wish to. Perhaps you would have managed better on your own."

"How could I have? It was a forlorn hope, anyway."

"There may be developments yet. Boets's pals may dig up something about the woman or Buckingham. If, for any reason, you *don't* come home—if anything turns up here and you need me, do wire me and I'll come back."

"I will."

He stared at me steadily for a second. "Whatever comes out of this, I think it might be worth our keeping in touch. What do you say?"

"By all means."

"Let me know before you go back to the States. And if you have any thoughts after

Continued on page 29

Peter Cushing takes TV stardom in his stride

by DAVID MILLWOOD

After eighteen years, the unseen millions "discovered" him. Now, at forty, he enjoys fame—and £15,000 a year

Helen Cushing helps her husband with his model soldiers. The Cushings were married after appearing in an Ensa play which the troops booed

WHEN PETER CUSHING, the highest-paid television actor in Britain, appeared recently at a charity meeting, he was acutely embarrassed. The chairman announced: "Mr. Cushing has come here for no fee."

It had not occurred to Cushing that anybody would want a fee for aiding a charity. Among theatre people he is noted for his ingenuousness, in spite of his success in a sophisticated profession. He was shocked to learn afterwards that some celebrities collect up to a hundred guineas for a charity appearance. As one actor who knows him well remarked of him, "He is like a child in the world at large."

For eighteen years, Cushing struggled along in the theatre, barely making a living, let alone a name. But once he got before a television camera he displayed a remarkable power for "getting across" to an unseen audience.

His unseen audience this year numbers about eight million. Since his first appearance on television in December, 1951—in J. B. Priestley's *Eden End*—he has acted in more than thirty plays, as well as three feature films, and he was chosen as the outstanding television actor of 1953.

Lives In A Small Flat

Nearly every television play in which he has performed has added to his reputation. When he starred in George Orwell's horror-picture of the future, *1984*, viewers who were shocked at the play were still faithful to Cushing. Of the three hundred letters he received after *1984*, only one was unfavourable to him.

Now the B.B.C. is offering him a contract barring him from commercial television for two years and giving him £5,000 for five plays. His total income is around £15,000 a year.

Cushing, who is forty, appears to be genuinely awed by his middle-aged success. He still lives in the small London flat at Notting Hill which he rented when he was earning £30 for three weeks' television work.

Viewers ring him up at all hours of the day and night, but it is only recently that he has been forced to put up a barrier against his more persistent callers. A maid's voice now answers the phone and regrets that Mr. Cushing is not at home. But the Cushings have no servant. The "maid" is Cushing himself.

His flat looks like a cross between a junk shop and a back room at the British Museum. The "junk" includes Cushing's treasured reference books (he researches with painstaking care into the background of every character he portrays), his paints, and his model cars and soldiers, of which he has two thousand.

Nearly Wrecked Career

The first difficulty Cushing found in getting work as an actor was his voice. His speech was slurred and ungrammatical—a kind of suburban cockney whine. (Even today in conversation he sometimes slips up and says "me" instead of "my.") He took long walks in the country, speaking out loud, to perfect his vowel sounds.

When, young and inexperienced, he got a job as a member of the Southampton Repertory Company, he nearly wrecked his career at the outset. Peter Coleman, the producer, gave him a non-speaking part in a serious play. For the last act, the set was divided. One half, where the action took place, was the parlour of an Austrian inn. The other was a beer-garden outside. To add a touch of authenticity to the beer-garden, Coleman told Cushing to play a customer having a meal.

Halfway through a dramatic scene, the actors

Cushing (nearest camera) in a scene from the television production of *The Moment of Truth* last month. "TV has been very good to me," he says

in the parlour heard titters from the audience, which grew into roars of laughter. Cushing had brought on to the stage a long string of sausages, and a tankard of beer. Finding the audience amused by his dumb show as a glutton, he played up to them—and forgot the play.

"When I took him to task afterwards," Coleman recalls, "it reduced him to tears. He had done his best to please and instead he had ruined the show."

Cushing continued to do his best to please, and to take his job very seriously. It did not pay very well, but he stuck to his principles. In 1947, Sir Laurence Olivier offered him a part as an American in the English stage version of *Born Yesterday*. Although he was drawing unemployment benefit at the time, he refused it—"because," he explained, "I don't think anyone but an American can sound like one."

Olivier said: "That's the first honest actor I've met. We must use him." He did, a few months later, in his film of *Hamlet*. Cushing played Osric, the court dandy, then sailed to Australia with Olivier and the Old Vic company.

Born at Kenley, Surrey, the son of a surveyor, Cushing went to Purley Grammar School when he was eleven. According to D. J. Davis, his form master and now one of his television fans, his end-of-term reports were "terrible".

"He was good at rugger and running but so hopeless at lessons that I used to put him to work painting the scenery for the school dramatic shows."

Davis failed to convince the boy's parents that he should make the theatre his career. His father wanted him to be a surveyor, so he became an assistant in the Purley council surveyor's office. He stuck it for three years, then joined Worthing Repertory Company at 15s. a week. "I was so hard up that I relied on food scenes on stage to keep me going."

Four years later, after saving £50 from repertory work in various parts of the country, he went to the United States, worked his way across the continent to Hollywood and bluffed himself into films on the strength of being a champion fencer, although "I didn't have a clue about fencing."

Before he had got farther than supporting rôles in Hollywood, the war broke out in Europe. He worked his way back across the Atlantic and, because he was medically unfit for the Services, joined Ensa.

The reception of plays by the troops was not always encouraging. A performance of Noël Coward's *Private Lives* to an audience of tough Canadians was interrupted by boos, cat-calls, whistles and shouts of: "Why don't you wrap up and go home!"

Appealed To Audience

By the second act, the whole cast was jumpy; one famous actress was almost incoherent with anger, others were close to tears. In the middle of what should have been a light-hearted scene, Cushing came to the front of the stage and appealed to the audience.

"Look here, chaps," he said, "we aren't enjoying this any more than you are. But it's our job, and we've got to do it. Why don't you give us a break, sit quiet till it's over, then we'll all go out and have a drink?"

It worked. Cushing was applauded and the play went on without interruption. Among the cast who congratulated him when the curtain came down was a young actress called Helen Beck. He married her a few months later.

The first thing his wife did for him was to mend his clothes—"his suit was in rags and he looked like a tramp." Careless about his appearance off-stage, he is meticulous about it as an actor. Playing a French soldier in the stage version of *War and Peace* in the West End in 1945, he was always the first to arrive at the theatre. Because the script called for him to be wounded, he spent over an hour giving himself a "scar" on his leg. It was never seen by the audience: except for a single spotlight on Napoleon, the stage was in darkness.

His passion for authenticity had unpleasant consequences for him last year when he was filming *The Black Knight* in Spain with Alan Ladd. His part as the villainous Saracen knight, Sir Palamides, called for him to ride on horseback wearing chain mail, metal breastplate and helmet and a heavy broadsword. For two days' filming, in a temperature of ninety-eight degrees, he rode with the saddle horn digging into the base of his spine. He endured the discomfort, believing that the saddle was "in period." It was, but he had it on the horse back to front.

Before a television camera Cushing is never at a loss, even in moments of crisis. In August, 1953, the West German television authorities invited the B.B.C. to send them a play to be televised from the Düsseldorf radio show. *Portrait by Peko*, starring Cushing, Patrick Barr and Ursula Howells, was chosen.

During the transmission, and in full view of the cameras, a Bunsen burner set light to a bundle of rags. Calmly, without interrupting action or dialogue, Cushing jerked the Bunsen from its rubber tube and stamped on the rags. "I tried to keep my foot on the tube for the rest of the scene to stop the gas escaping. Luckily, before anything worse happened, a stage-hand crept towards me below the camera's vision and removed it."

No Yearning For Stage

The B.B.C. contract offered to Cushing would leave him free to do as much film and stage work as he pleases. In fact, he intends to make some films, but it is unlikely that he will be seen on the stage. He has no yearning for the theatre, which treated him so much more coldly than television.

"TV has been very good to me," he says, "and I am grateful. I'll go on working for the B.B.C. for as long as they want me."

He is also grateful to the unseen eight million who have made him a star. When people stop him in the street, as they frequently do, he tells them, genuinely: "I am so pleased you liked my performance the other night. I am delighted to have met you." THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY

As he heard the news, Raymond winced. One more of his gang had been caught. "I suppose they'll get the fourth," said Maisie. "They always do"

THE RED HOT ROBBER

by ***BRETON AMIS***

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERKELEY

He had dreamed of wine, women and song: everything money could buy. Now, he had £20,000—and all that he wanted was Maisie

WHILE WAITING FOR breakfast to be served, Raymond Dowling picked up his newspaper and saw that one of the four masked bandits responsible for the £80,000 mail van robbery had been arrested at the races.

He no longer felt hungry.

In the leather suitcase that never left his side was his £20,000 share of a coup that had been a classic. No violence, no horrible heart-stopping moments. Within an hour, the spoils had been split and the raiders had parted.

Now No. 4 had laid a paper trail of pound notes that would put him where he wouldn't see a racehorse for the next ten years. The notes were consecutive, and red-hot. . . .

A hand fell on Raymond's shoulder.

"What's wrong with the haddock, Mr. Dowling?" his landlady asked. "Would you prefer an egg?"

He mumbled something about indigestion, grabbed his suitcase, and went out, damp with sweat. This wouldn't do! If he kept his nerve there was nothing to be scared of, and everything to look forward to. He was rich! While still in his twenties, he had made his first and last coup.

The whole idea had been his. Before the moment of inspiration he had been doing quite well selling insurance, but not well enough. He had wanted all the fun money could buy. Wine, women and song. But, now he had the money, he wasn't so sure about the fun. He preferred a glass of beer to wine, had no ear for music and, as for women, he couldn't think of them in the plural, after meeting Maisie.

She was as sweet and glowing as brown honey, with wide, innocent eyes and a husky little laugh. If she found out that he was a crook, that she and the tobacco shop she ran for him were part of his plan to cool down hot money, it would all be over.

And losing Maisie would hurt more than losing the £20,000, so he must be clever and keep both.

He crossed the street to the tobacconist's by the Tube station. Buying it on mortgage out of his savings had been part of his inspiration, but that Maisie should go with the goodwill was sheer luck.

They had fallen in love at sight. From that moment, he had wanted to wrap her in mink and load her with diamonds. Soon he would be able to do that, but in the meantime, Maisie was doing most of the giving. She was generous with everything . . . . love, money, laughter.

She was watching through the window for him, her fair hair caught up in an absurd tail that made her look about sixteen. She dimpled and waved, and her warm kisses helped him to forget No. 4's fate.

"I can't stay, Maisie—I'm breaking new territory today." She thought he was a traveller, carrying samples in his case. "See you at about seven, sweetie."

She pouted adorably. "Darling, have you forgotten it's your birthday? Many, many happy returns of the day, and—here's your present!"

Squaring his shoulders, Raymond opened the door. This was it, he thought. They had come for him, and he was trapped

From under the counter she took a long, thin package, and watched, bright-eyed, while he peeled off the wrappings. It was a silk umbrella, sleekly rolled, with a silver band and a silken tassel.

"For goodness sake, don't open it if it rains," she said anxiously. "It's a real beauty."

"Maisie dear, it's just what I wanted, but you shouldn't——."

Out of the £4 a week he paid her she showered him with love tokens—socks and ties, silver pencil and lighter, braces and cuff-links. And now the perfect umbrella!

HE hung it on his arm and glanced at himself in the strip mirror, seeing a neat, intelligent young man who should go far. Then he remembered he was a crook and, although he left Maisie with another kiss and a debonair twirl of the umbrella, he would have given his fortune to be the honest, hard-working commercial she thought he was.

Robbery had put him in possession of 20,000 slips of printed paper, any one of which could send him to jail for years. His problem was to get rid of them with the minimum risk.

It was all mapped out. He took the Tube to the North London suburb where he was to begin money changing. There was no short cut to safety. Every note would have to be changed separately, and more than eight months would pass before he was in the clear.

Tobacconists were his target. They abounded; they had steady streams of men customers. He had acquired a shop of his own so that the cigarettes he bought from others could be put into stock. His capital would remain intact.

Covering the suburb systematically was harder work than he had ever done before. Every pound note he handed over the counters seemed to burn his finger-tips. By midday his trouser pockets were full of silver, his hip pocket bulged with ten-shilling notes, and there were forty packets of ten in the slit pockets of his raincoat.

He lunched at a pub, where he went to the lavatory and refilled his wallet with £1 notes from the suitcase. Afterwards, he had a beer at the bar.

"I see they've got another of those mail-van bandits," the barman said chattily. "Picked him up at a night club standing treat to a crowd of girls you wouldn't take home to Mother."

RAYMOND choked over his glass of beer. That would be No. 3, who couldn't leave the girls alone. Trust No. 3 to make a splash with his money!

"Reckon they'll soon get the others," the barman said, and Raymond left in a hurry.

He felt sick with fear and anger. No. 3 and No. 4 had wanted big money, and when they had it they couldn't throw it away fast enough. But No. 2 was no fool. He would be sitting tight, counting the notes again and again until they became greasy and crumpled and easy to spread. He wouldn't be caught. Nor would No. 1, the brains behind the coup.

All the same, the barman had given him a nasty jolt. Another eight months of this, and he would have earned every penny of the fortune that was to put him and Maisie on easy street!

Luckily, Maisie never asked questions. She took him on trust.

While he added the packets of ten to stock, she was busy in the kitchen at the back of the shop, cooking the birthday supper. Steak and mushrooms, a dish of his favourite buttered asparagus tips, a bottle of red wine to drink his health. What a wife she would make!

It was bliss to be fussed over, to be given the easy chair in the little sitting-room while she counted his silver into £5 bags, ready for the bank. When she had finished, she sat on his lap and smoothed the lines from his brow.

"You work too hard," she soothed, "carrying all that money around. Your firm ought to give credit, but I suppose people don't pay up. What would you like to do for a birthday treat, darling? The Gresham Cinema sends free passes in exchange for the posters we show. We'd be just in time for the big picture—if you're in a mood for cops and robbers."

His nerves knotted. He winced at the thought

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Hillary leads Tenzing over the crevasse that cut off Camp 3 from the Western Cwm. This obstacle was impassable until Hunt arrived to bridge it with an aluminium ladder which "swayed a little." Although night was coming on, his blood was up and he insisted on pushing ahead to explore

HIGH ADVENTURE (4) by EDMUND HILLARY

Tenzing saves me from disaster

At 20,000 feet, Everest's menacing icefall was a trap. I jumped a crevasse, the ice split—and I crashed downwards

IN OCTOBER, 1952, when I was back in New Zealand, I received a letter from John Hunt, written from the Everest Expedition office in London. He explained that the Himalayan Joint Committee had changed the leadership of the British 1953 Everest Expedition, and that he was replacing Eric Shipton.

"It is most unfortunate that it should have happened in this way," he said. "There is only one way of looking at it—we must go ahead with the planning with a firm determination to get to the top. . . . I very much hope that you and Lowe will be ready to join the party. . . ."

This letter was my first introduction to a man who was to play an outstanding part in the final success on Everest. Evidence of Hunt's calibre was not long in appearing, for the post brought a series of detailed plans which seemed to hit the nail on the head every time.

Lowe and I were awaiting the announcement of the rest of the party with considerable interest, and were very pleased indeed to hear of the inclusion of Evans, Bourdillon and Gregory, who had been with us on the Cho Oyu Expedition earlier in the year, and Ward, one of our party on the 1951 Everest Reconnaissance.

The climbing team also included Wylie and Noyce, both of whom had excellent Himalayan records, and Westmacott and Bank, who had done some fine climbing in the European Alps. The non-climbing members were our movie cameraman, Stobart, and our old friend Dr. Griffiths Pugh, whose inclusion indicated physiological torture for some unwary climbers. It was quite obvious that the organization was going ahead at great speed and our equipment was to be the best that could be obtained. This was going to be an oxygen attack, and vast amounts of effort were going into the development of two different types of set for our use.

The whole expedition gathered together in Kathmandu in the early days of March, 1953, and I met John Hunt for the first time. I was immediately impressed by his dynamic energy, his organizing ability and his charm of manner. I thought he summed his own character up very well for me when we had our first talk; Hunt told me that he intended to "lead the expedition from the front." Although I had only known him a few minutes, I was sufficiently impressed to think that he probably would.

Here, too, I met Tenzing for the first time. Of strong and sturdy build, he had a quiet air of confidence that quickly marked him out from his fellow Sherpas. Tenzing soon became a valued member of the party and endeared himself to us with his charming smile and natural gentility.

On March 10 we left Kathmandu to start a leisurely march to the foot of Everest. It was a tremendous thrill to see its great bulk once again, thrusting high over the Nuptse-Lhotse wall, and we were eager to get to grips with it.

Hunt Asked Me To Go Ahead

At Thyangboche we set up a temporary base camp and here we unpacked all our equipment and spent some days testing it out and gaining experience in using it. Our plan was to get fit and accustomed to the higher altitudes by carrying out exploration and climbing trips in the many glaciated valleys around Everest.

It was a great thrill to me when Hunt asked me to take a group up the Khumbu glacier to reconnoitre the icefall into the Western Cwm. My party was to consist of Michael Westmacott, George Band and, at my special request, George

A Sherpa woman wears snow goggles improvised by Stobart from string, spare lenses and tape

Tenzing on a peak he scaled during the preliminary climbs. Hillary says: "His quiet confidence marked him out, and he endeared himself to us with his charming smile and natural gentility"

Lowe. I knew that the icefall was going to be a tough job and felt particularly keen to have my old companion along.

Pugh and Stobart decided to come too, and on the morning of April 9 the six of us set off from Thyangboche, accompanied by five of our high-altitude Sherpas and thirty-nine coolies, of whom about half were women.

We wandered in a leisurely way up the Imja valley and camped at the deserted village of Phalong Karpo in a flurry of snow. We awoke next morning to a white world. I was greatly puzzled what to do. We were all tremendously keen to get up the valley and attack the icefall without delay, but our coolies had no snow-glasses and we had none for them. If we went on, I was afraid that they might become snow-blind.

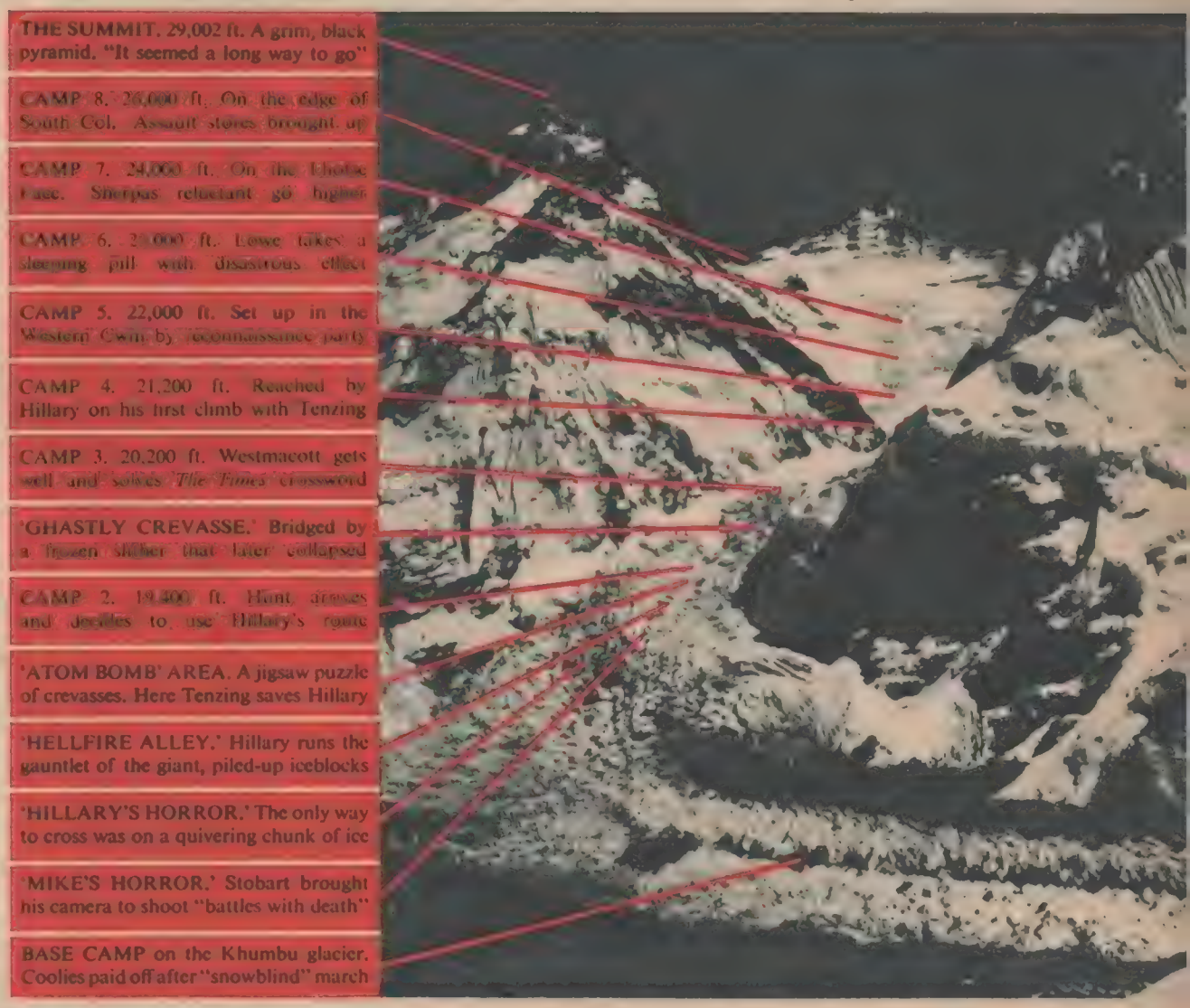
Snow Dazzle Blinded Porters

Very worried, I talked with our Sherpas. They reassured me that all the coolies wanted to start and were not the slightest bit concerned about the bright snow. "After all, this is their country and they should know how to look after themselves" was the argument I used to quell my uneasy conscience as I instructed them to start packing

We walked up the valley into a cold fairyland of shimmering snow crystals. We turned the corner into the Khumbu valley and started climbing up steeply in snow almost a foot deep. The sun was shining fiercely now, and the glare was intense. All those with snowglasses had put them on, but I could see the rest of our porters squinting painfully in the strong light.

With a sinking heart I berated myself for allowing my impatience to over-rule my common sense. I pushed on hard, with the determination that the sooner we reached our destination the better.

We intended spending the night at Lobuje, a little group of rock and sod shelters at about


THE SUMMIT. 29,002 ft. A grim, black pyramid. "It seemed a long way to go"
CAMP 8. 26,000 ft. On the edge of South Col. Assault stores brought up
CAMP 7. 24,000 ft. On the Lhotse Face. Sherpas reluctant go higher
CAMP 6. 23,000 ft. Lowe takes a sleeping pill with disastrous effect
CAMP 5. 22,000 ft. Set up in the Western Cwm by reconnaissance party
CAMP 4. 21,200 ft. Reached by Hillary on his first climb with Tenzing
CAMP 3. 20,200 ft. Westmacott gets well and solves The Times crossword
'GHASTLY CREVASSE.' Bridged by a frozen slither that later collapsed
CAMP 2. 19,400 ft. Hunt dresses and decides to use Hillary's route
'ATOM BOMB' AREA. A jigsaw puzzle of crevasses. Here Tenzing saves Hillary
'HELLFIRE ALLEY.' Hillary runs the gauntlet of the giant, piled-up iceblocks
'HILLARY'S HORROR.' The only way to cross was on a quivering chunk of ice
'MIKE'S HORROR.' Stobart brought his camera to shoot "battles with death"
BASE CAMP on the Khumbu glacier. Coolies paid off after "snowblind" march

Before the assault on Everest's summit, supplies had to be manhandled to the South Col. There were two barriers to climb—the icefall and the Lhotse Face. This task took more than a month

16,000 feet in the grassy trough beside the Khumbu glacier. I reached there first and gloomily watched the party arriving. And what a sorry bunch they were, with their lowered heads and swollen, weeping eyes! I sank into the depths of depression. . . . What a leader I was! Second day out and I had got the whole party snowblind. Later in the afternoon, just to add to my misery, it started snowing again. Quite convinced that the whole party would be completely blind for a week, I went morosely off to bed.

But I seriously misjudged the recuperative powers of our hardy Sherpas. In the morning, only four of them wished to be paid off, and these simply because they were too blind to see at all. The remainder of the party were bleary-eyed but willing. It was obviously impossible to let them start out again into this bright expanse of snow without some form of protection, and I was at a complete loss.

The resourceful Stobart came to our rescue. To his vast experience of coping with charging lions in Africa, crashing icebergs in the Antarctic and film stars in the studio, this problem was undoubtedly small stuff.

Took Load Off Girl's Back

Some of the party had large panoramic ski-ing goggles with spare celluloid lenses, and Stobart collected these up and proceeded to cut them into small pieces about an inch in diameter. He then produced a large roll of wide adhesive tape and some string, and before long the prototype goggle had emerged. It was an immediate success and the whole party set to work to produce large numbers of them. By the time we had equipped all the Sherpas, we had made nearly thirty pairs of goggles.

This operation had taken some time, so when we started off from Lobuje the morning was well advanced and the glare considerable. We hadn't gone far before I realized that some of the Sherpas were in worse condition than they had admitted. One girl in particular seemed almost blind, but plodded determinedly on with her hand on the Sherpa in front of her to show her the way. She was in such obvious distress that I decided to be firm and send her down. I took her load off her back and pressed her wages into her hand.

It took her a moment to realize what was happening, and then with a wild gesture she threw the money into the snow, picked up her load and stumbled off after her companions. As I knelt in the snow searching for the coins, I reflected that the women here seemed just as illogical as their sisters back home.

Cooking Brought Contentment

After several hours of steady plodding, we reached the rough boulders covering a tributary glacier and started across them. The weather had deteriorated again and snow was falling. George Lowe and I pushed on ahead in order to find a good route. We crossed a snow-covered flat to a camp site beside a lake. Some of the stronger Sherpas weren't far behind us, but many of them hadn't come into view. George and I went back to give a hand. We collected all the loads and had the last Sherpa in camp by dark. Soon the smell of cooking and the hearty laughs of the Sherpas brought us an air of tired contentment.

We awoke to a beautiful morning and there was a great air of expectancy round the camp, as today we intended to establish our base camp and get our first look at the icefall. We were soon on our way and immediately struck out on to the Khumbu glacier.

We reached the clear ice in the middle and followed up an easy trough between the great ice pinnacles. We were starting to catch glimpses of the icefall now, pouring in a chaotic jumble out of the jaws of the Western Cwm. And floating high above us, almost so far as to be unreal, was the grim, black summit pyramid of Everest with its tattered banner of wind-whipped snow streaming out into the thin air. It seemed a long way to go!

By midday we had reached the site of the Swiss Base Camp, a relic of the unsuccessful expedition the year before. With some regret we paid off our Sherpa coolies and watched them dashing gaily back down the glacier. They had been a very game bunch and we were sorry to see them go.

Wilderness Of Ice Pinnacles

Late in the afternoon I set off by myself to find an easy route to the foot of the icefall. I was feeling very keenly the responsibility that John Hunt had given me, and was determined that if it were humanly possible we would get to the top of the icefall in the six days before his arrival. Above our Base Camp, the Khumbu glacier was a wilderness of ice pinnacles penetrated by winding hollows. I followed up one of these hollows until I emerged an hour later at the foot of the icefall.

I couldn't see a great deal, for the clouds had closed in, but I realized that the lower portion of the icefall was considerably more difficult than it had been in 1951. But a route up it still looked possible.

I returned to camp and told the others what I had seen. I decided that next day we would attempt to put a camp as high as we could up the lower slopes.

Early next morning we started sorting out equipment and making it up into loads. George Lowe, unfortunately, was ill, but Westmacott and Band looked fit and strong. At 9 a.m., in warm sunshine, the three of us together with four Sherpas waved goodbye to George and the others and set off along the track through the ice pinnacles.

The whole icefall was now clearly revealed and the closer we got to it the more depressing it became. It was in shocking condition. Even the easier lower portions were split by innumerable crevasses and menaced by crumbling ice towers. We soon realized that there was no point in attempting to establish a camp, so we sent our four Sherpas with all the equipment back to base while Band, Westmacott and I set off to reconnoitre a route. The angle of the crevasses forced us slowly to the right and ultimately we were brought to a halt at the foot of an ice wall.

Westmacott was leading and attacked this problem with vigour. After a long effort he reached the top and pulled himself out of sight. A few moments later, a hearty call told us that he had a good safe stance and that we could come on up. Band followed up slowly. Another yell, and it was my turn to go.

It was certainly steep and very exposed, for on the left I could look straight down, fifty or sixty feet into the depths of a crevasse. But Michael Westmacott had done a good job, and I climbed up his steps without difficulty to join my companions at the top. We called this pitch "Mike's Horror," and as such it became generally known.

'Hillary's Horror' Was Born

Now I took over the lead. Making every effort to bear left again, I started searching out a route among a maze of enormous crevasses. After half an hour of slow progress, I came to the edge of the largest crevasse we had struck yet. It was about forty feet across and enormously deep. I searched anxiously for a way across or round it. The only possibility I could see was a great chunk of ice which was jammed insecurely across the crevasse just below the top. It looked as if a decent push would send it crashing into the depths, but I thought it was worth a try.

Westmacott anchored me firmly with the rope and I started cautiously over it. I didn't like it at all. I was sure that I could feel it quivering under my feet. Even when I reached the

Sherpas on the crevasse-split icefall. Urged cautiously. It dropped into space. "I could

far side quite safely, I wasn't out of trouble. The upper lip of the crevasse was much higher than the bridge, and I had a twenty-foot ice wall to climb. It was a great relief when I was able to stretch my arm over the lip of the crevasse and drive my ice-axe into the good snow. A wriggle and a grunt and I was up. And so "Hillary's Horror" was born.

We resumed the familiar pattern through the crevasses ahead until we came to a little snowy saddle and sat down for a rest and some food. We looked at the route beyond. From here on the whole nature of the icefall changed. The slopes ahead were much steeper and were formed of great unstable blocks of ice stacked insecurely on top of each other. The only possible route that I could see was up a steep gully between the iceblocks, and we started off up with a rush, stumbling over old avalanche debris, whacking steps up ice slopes and plugging on as hard as our straining lungs would let us.

We reached the top of the gully panting for breath, and immediately struck out of it to the right. We climbed up on to a large block that seemed a little more stable than the rest and looked back down "Hellfire Alley," thanking our lucky stars that we were safely out of it.

But the route ahead didn't look much better. It was just a jumble of iceblocks. I started ferreting a way through them. Sometimes I could squeeze between two of the blocks, sometimes I had to cut a trail over the top, and on mercifully few occasions I had to make a route almost down underneath them. We could now see where the icefall flattened out slightly and knew that the Swiss had established a camp there, but it was still a couple of hundred yards away and the terrain in between looked quite impossible. Discouraged, tired and not a little scared, we decided to call it a day and slowly made our way back to the comforts and safety of Base Camp.

Next day Westmacott and I renewed the attack accompanied by Ang Namgyal—a safe and steady climber. We climbed back up our tracks, making much faster time now that we knew the way. We reached our farthest point

by Hillary to cross a snowbridge, Lowe prodded it feel George's accusing eye on me," says Hillary

On the way to Everest, the expedition set up a temporary base at the monastery village of Thyangboche. John Hunt arrived on a pony sent to him by the monks as a mark of their esteem

of the previous day and faced up to the task of getting a bit farther.

Just to the right of us were two great blocks of ice forty or fifty feet high, and it struck me that if we could get through between them, we might make a little progress. I started cutting a line of steps up their glistening sides. A long stretch at the top, a quick changing of weight, and I was through and able to shout to Westmacott the glad news that some progress was possible. The other two climbed up to me and we moved on again. With a growing air of excitement, we negotiated half a dozen iceblocks and then stopped in astonishment at the unusual terrain ahead.

There appeared to have been an enormous subsidence in the middle of the icefall, and below us a wide, shallow gully swept smoothly through the icy ruins up to the broad ledge which was our first objective. The floor of the gully was flat enough, but it was split into a jigsaw puzzle of horizontal and vertical crevasses, like a pattern of sunbaked mud. And it looked terribly unstable—as though it could sink again at any moment. It was obviously the old "Atom Bomb" area of our 1951 Reconnaissance.

With a familiar tightening of my nerves, I dropped down to the edge of it and started investigations. It seemed a bit shaky, but not too bad on the whole. I decided to push on. The first few crevasses were wide and unpleasant and, although we finally got across them, I didn't like the way they shivered and boomed with every blow of the ice-axe. And then I stepped on to the first piece of the jigsaw puzzle and was relieved to find that it felt fairly stable.

Returned In Glow Of Virtue

We continued on until the gully narrowed and only two crevasses separated us from the snowy shelf ahead. We didn't waste any time, and though the crevasses were wide and uphill, we gathered all our strength and leaped across them and came out into the sun and open space of the shelf.

We were now more than half-way up the icefall at a height of about 19,400 feet. We started looking round for a camp site. We found a suitable spot up on a small ice rib and returned to Base in a glow of virtue; our day's adventure lost nothing in the telling.

In the evening we had a long discussion. Although we had established a route well up in the icefall, I was far from happy about its constant dangers.

We decided that next day we would explore the centre of the icefall and see if we could find a safer route.

We had hardly settled down to sleep when Westmacott was taken violently ill and it became quite obvious that he was going to be out of action for a few days. Fortunately, George Lowe had by now recovered from his indisposition, so our climbing strength could be maintained.

Lowe, Band and I set off early in the morning; we reached the foot of the icefall without a great deal of difficulty and examined the possibilities ahead.

Roused By Unfamiliar Shout

It became rapidly obvious that the central route, despite a promising start, was soon to peter out. We climbed over an ice-strewn slope to find a line of teetering ice pinnacles barring our way. We felt now that our route on the left, with all its disadvantages and dangers, was the only possible one.

We arrived back at Base Camp and crawled into our warm sleeping-bags. Snow was already falling once again, but it couldn't subdue our feelings of comfort as we lay there drinking large mugs of hot tea and idly discussing the day's activities. I was almost drifting off to sleep when an unfamiliar shout brought me back to consciousness.

Next moment the flaps of the tent parted and a cheerful Sherpa face appeared, bringing with it a shower of fresh snow. I was handed a note from the *Burra Sahib*. Apparently John Hunt was already camping down at the lake with Noyce and Ward, some days ahead of schedule. This information filled us with consternation. We had set our hearts on reaching the top of the icefall before Hunt turned up and we looked on his early arrival more as a disaster than anything else.

We decided to push ahead with our plans for establishing Camp 2. Westmacott was still incapacitated so we agreed that Lowe, Band and I would camp on the icefall shelf the following night. Pugh and Stobart had been leading a quiet life in an attempt to assist their acclimatization, but now they decided to accompany us for the day.

Icefall Was Our Film Set

We were away at 9.30 next morning, with three Sherpas to carry some of our gear. Stobart was determined to get some good coloured movies, so for a while he directed us with good effect, and "Mike's Horror" and "Hillary's Horror" became the authentic locations for some gripping scenes of us battling with death and destruction. We finally tired of this diversion and set off up the mountain.

I had already noticed how, by its very familiarity, the route was appearing a good deal easier and safer.

George Lowe was in the lead as we approached the "Atom Bomb" area. When he came to the first crevasse he stopped and eyed it with obvious dislike. "You didn't cross this bridge, did you, Ed?" he shouted back. I assured him that that was the way we had gone. Completely unconvinced, he gave the bridge a jab before trusting his weight to it.

To his astonishment—and mine—the bridge suddenly dropped out of sight, and a moment later the whole area quivered and shook with a fierce tremor. I could feel George's accusing eye on me, so guiltily muttering something about "heavy-handed shoves that would knock the Sydney Harbour Bridge over. . . ." I started off on the tedious business of finding another place to get across the crevasse.

Fifty feet out to the left, I found another bridge, this time a more substantial one. We crossed it cautiously and rejoined the old route, then made our way across the jigsaw puzzle.

Before long, we had all the gear on our

Continued on page 40

Appointment in Pamplona

by ***JANE CHISHOLM***

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN BERRY

Hot, tired and ridiculous, he drove on. He had to keep that rendezvous. Soon, he'd know why

As the bull turned, Mr. Banting flapped his ha

"WE ARE NOW IN SPAIN," observed Mr. Banting, edging his elderly car close in to the side of the road behind a dung-cart drawn by a pair of oxen. For the thousandth time, he lamented his incredible foolishness in transporting himself and three schoolboys across the Channel, through France and now finally across the international bridge at Irun. And, because he always found it necessary to try to justify his actions at frequent intervals, he muttered to himself that it had been on account of the sun.

"Pardon?"

Mr. Banting looked hastily at Timothy, whose turn it was to sit beside him in front.

"I was thinking," he said lamely.

"Oh, I thought you said something about the sun. It is hot, isn't it! Do you suppose I could take my cap off?"

"Better not—you might get sunstroke."

"I shouldn't think so—my hair's pretty thick."

Timothy took off his cap and held it carelessly dangling over the side of the open car. He screwed up his eyes against the glare.

"Couldn't you possibly get past that cart, Mr. B? It's frightfully smelly."

Mr. Banting gritted his teeth and pulled out. In the distance was a ball of approaching dust. He pulled in again.

"There's something coming."

"But it's miles away!" Timothy's round blue eyes opened wide in baffled impatience.

"I'm the best judge of that."

The heat was having a peculiar effect on the steering-wheel, and Mr. Banting's hands were black and sticky. He had a sudden, wild impulse to stop the car, get out and leave them to it. Why had he come? He must have been mad. He should have gone off by himself and stayed at a hotel, warming himself in safe obscurity.

But, then, he had always done the wrong thing. Even his chosen profession was wrong. He would have been infinitely happier in an office, his desk alongside a great many other desks. Why had he ever wanted to be a teacher? To teach, you had to be generous with yourself. You had to be able to stand up there in front, serenely certain. But Percy Banting was eternally conscious of his narrow frame, his short, ridiculous legs, his ineptitude, and was never without fear: fear of failure, fear of ridicule.

"There's one thing," drawled Steven, from the back. "We're not sweating over exams, like our comrades back in the 'blessed plot.'"

"How often have I told you not to use that term?" said Mr. Banting. "Comrade! In Spain it might be positively dangerous."

"I shouldn't imagine anybody driving a dung-cart would understand English."

"You can't be too careful when you're abroad."

"I'm hungry," observed Bobby dispassionately.

"You can't be. It's only two and a half hours since you had breakfast."

"I'm still hungry. . . ."

A nerve throbbed in Mr. Banting's temple. With a sudden swerve he pulled out and careered past the dung-cart.

"Did you see the hats, Mr. B?"

"What hats?"

"The oxen—they've got hats on, sheepskin hats, I think. I bet they're refugees from behind the Iron Curtain."

Mr. Banting could sense the laughter lurking in the boys' minds. Mr. B—the silly little man. If he had tried, he couldn't have selected three less tolerant companions. Timothy, with his fair good looks, was already, at sixteen, confident of getting his own way, coolly self-assured even in talking to girls and women—an ordeal which sent the blood singing in Mr. Banting's ears. Steven was less obviously confident, more sophisticated. Only Bobby was really still a schoolboy, with fourth-form pimples visible under his sun-reddened skin.

I've nothing in common with any of them, reflected Mr. Banting; nothing in common except that they had all had influenza, followed by pneumonia, just after half-term, and needed a premature holiday in the sun. Fool, fool, fool. When they got back they would amuse themselves by talking about it, talking about him, revelling in the knowledge that away from school he was even more ridiculous.

KEEPING his eyes on the road ahead, Mr. Banting said to Timothy: "Take a look at the map, will you? See how far it is to Salinas de Leniz."

"I thought we were making for Orio."

"We'll go to Salinas first."

"What's special at Salinas?"

"The Holy Thorn."

"Mr. B?"

"Yes, Steven."

"You don't believe that stuff about the Holy Thorn, do you?"

"Many people do."

"Yes, but do you?"

"I just don't know."

"I don't care what other people believe," said Steven contemptuously. "I believe what *I* think is true. I think that's the only way."

You would, thought Mr. Banting, you would be sure with the arrogant assurance of youth. All his life, Percy Banting had never been sure of anything. The words of an inscription over the door of a house in Cambo flickered through his brain. *"The past has deceived me, the present torments me, the future frightens me."*

"I do think you might let us go to a bull fight, Mr. B. I can't see the point of coming all the way to Spain and not going to one."

"It's a brutal spectacle."

"Have you ever seen one?"

"No."

"Then you don't know," drawled Steven. "I don't suppose it's any more brutal than fox hunting or taking pot-shots at birds."

"Foxes are vermin."

"Bulls are Sunday dinners. I can't see why

s futilely, and fought an impulse to run. It was too late to think about himself, but he had to save the boys. "Quickly," he yelled. "Go quickly"

there's such a fearful difference. Unless, of course, the bull prefers to be an ignominious Sunday dinner."

At Salinas Mr. Banting parked the car and doggedly pursued the quest of the Church of the Holy Thorn. His Spanish was stilted and bookish, but comprehensible, and at last they stood in silence before the High Altar, and Mr. Banting, burdened by weariness and apprehension, watched with envy the tranquil certainty of the priest in white vestments and crimson stole, holding aloft a gold reliquary.

In the market place at Orio they bought rosquillas, and Bobby was sick on the quay in front of a curious audience of women mending nets and women knitting in shadowed doorways.

"Disgusting beast!" Steven's fine, dark eyebrows rose in pained revulsion.

"I couldn't help it."

"Of course you could. You shouldn't have stuffed so many of those sticky things—pig."

Mr. Banting's head was beginning to ache. He felt a sudden surge of fury.

"Be quiet."

"Was there any particular reason for coming to Orio?" inquired Steven impatiently.

MR. BANTING reached for his small leather-bound pocket-diary. In it he had made notes of places, historical associations, local customs.

"There's a house here that was the home of a grandee who sailed with the Armada."

"Is that all!"

Mr. Banting looked drearily round at the tall tenements with washing hanging over iron balconies coated with rust. A young man with the inevitable beret at a rakish angle swaggered through a Moorish doorway.

"We won't bother about it," Mr. Banting said. If he had been alone, he could have loitered. But the restless boredom of the boys was like an aching tooth. He resented their presence and still more he resented the knowledge that he would never have found the courage to come alone. He had never been brave enough for solitude.

"Tomorrow we go to Pamplona," he said, and shuddered as if the name carried some association which he did not want to think about.

"Why?" said Steven.

"Tomorrow we go to Pamplona," repeated Mr. Banting stonily.

"But why?"

"Because it's the Seventh of July tomorrow, because I've got it written in my diary, because I say so."

Steven sniggered. "Well, I think it's perfectly ridiculous to stick to a silly schedule. It

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Floating host with a happy ship

by JOAN POWE

Even in rough weather, Viscount Craigavon keeps life smooth for the first-class passengers. He cruises the seas in luxury-liners—doing "the best job in the world"

AS THE 28,000-TON passenger liner Oronsay approached Suva during a Pacific cruise in 1954, a hurricane threw the stabilizer out of action, setting up a roll of thirty degrees. British and American passengers, in evening dress and furs, ran from their cabins. While the crew hurried to lash down movable furniture on board, the ship's liaison officer, Viscount Craigavon, went into action.

Over the ship's amplifier system, he called passengers to the main lounge, which had been battened down by the crew. Rounding up stragglers, he seated four hundred people on the carpet, collected tickets and boards, and organized a large-scale game of Housie. For an hour and a half, while the captain headed the ship for Numea to escape the hurricane's path, Craigavon and the assistant purser took it in turns to race across the sloping deck of the lounge, selling tickets, collecting money, and shouting out numbers.

"During six games," he says, "more than £90 changed hands."

A tall, solidly built ex-Etonian with a slow drawl and a lock of shaggy hair often falling over one eyebrow, Craigavon, son of a former Prime Minister of Ulster, has a job which was once called "the best in the world."

One of twelve liaison officers carried by the Orient Line in its passenger liners, he has travelled 100,000 miles a year since the war, acting as host to first-class passengers.

In Australia last year, a journalist, baffled by Craigavon's job on board the Oronsay, wrote: "He gets paid for eating the best food, drinking the choicest wines, and generally making a good fellow of himself." When an acquaintance read this description, she was highly indignant.

"It's accurate enough," drawled Craigavon.

In fact, he does everything from organizing games, competitions, dances and cocktail parties to encouraging sociability among passengers, ironing out awkward situations, and promoting goodwill. Tact, diplomacy and the ability to remain unruffled on trying occasions have brought Craigavon, at forty-nine, the longest service of the company's liaison staff and a permanent seagoing passage.

Viscount Craigavon often shows passengers round the bridge. One small boy accidentally gave an emergency signal by sounding the ship's siren

Woman Caught Wrong Ship

Occasionally, the foolishness of passengers on a first sea voyage may affect their attitude towards sea travel. Craigavon must then smooth out the situation and try to make amends.

He spent some time, in March, 1953, listening to the story of a woman who had gone ashore to visit friends while the Oronsay was in Australia. She had mistaken the name of her ship, and caught the wrong vessel, which took her back to Sydney. After flying two thousand miles to rejoin the Oronsay at Fremantle, she caused a scene by demanding to see the captain.

Craigavon's sympathetic handling saved the shipping line a fortune in goodwill, according to a senior officer. Placated by finding her luggage safe and Craigavon willing to arrange a part refund of her passage money, the woman saw the funny side of her experience.

During the first few days of a voyage, Craigavon visits V.I.P.s on board, drafts arrangements for deck competitions, chooses a chairman of the passengers' sports committee directly responsible to him, and then starts to make himself known to thirty new passengers a day. By mixing constantly with the 666 first-class travellers and joining them for drinks, he gauges factors affecting their enjoyment of a trip.

Recently, six days out of England on a voyage to Australia, an attractive girl passenger repeatedly complained to Craigavon that her cabin telephone was out of order.

Since all telephones had been tested before the ship sailed, Craigavon was puzzled. Finally, acting on a hunch, he sent down two junior engineers to test it.

"That night, at the ship's dance, the girl was partnered by one of them," he says. "The only trouble with her telephone was that it had not been ringing regularly enough."

During cocktail parties, dances and fancy-dress balls, Craigavon, in his rôle of host, must be ready to share the high spirits of passengers.

"A few years ago, however, passengers let off rockets to celebrate Guy Fawkes Night," he says. "I had to stop them, as the rockets looked like navigational signals."

Passengers in Craigavon's care have included film stars, business heads and members of Test teams visiting Australia. A group of Americans, hearing that he arranged cricket matches on board between Test teams and the crew, asked if they could give a baseball display. But there was not enough space.

Threw Game Set Overboard

Two years ago, between the Suez Canal and Bombay, semi-finalists in a bullboard competition disagreed over the final throw and refused to accept the decision of the sports committee. Craigavon, called on to adjudicate, reached the sports deck in time to see one of the women pick up the bullboard set, walk to the rail and throw it overboard.

"My greatest concern," says Craigavon, "was the fact that it was the only bullboard set we had."

Craigavon took the women into the lounge, calmed them down, and persuaded them to apologize to each other. He then explained that the set would have to be replaced.

Reluctantly, they agreed to share the bill. The cost turned out to be ten times higher than the prize for the bullboard finals.

Craigavon rarely fails to find the diplomatic way out of an awkward situation. One passenger, believing the ship's captain could perform christening ceremonies at sea, did not bother to have her baby baptized before a voyage to Australia. She was upset and in tears to find christenings at sea were not permitted. As it was a five weeks' journey, Craigavon arranged for the ceremony to be held at the first port of call.

Before a ship's race meeting was held on another voyage, a girl passenger, anxious to show her sophistication, asked to be taken over the stables on board. To avoid embarrassing her in front of friends, Craigavon treated her questions about horses as though she were joking. He then made it clear that the races were between mechanical toys which moved when a handle was turned.

They Must Be Good Mixers

Acting as liaison between passengers and the shipping line, Craigavon is directly responsible to the ship's second in command, the staff commander, who handles the crew of 623 officers and men. Though no special training is required, directors of the Orient Line choose liaison officers from men who have "unusual personal qualities." They must be good mixers, with the right temperament for shipboard life. Maturity is also a factor. Eight of the liaison officers at present employed are between thirty-five and fifty-five years of age. Apart from a salary, they receive a substantial entertainments allowance for each voyage.

Twenty years ago, at twenty-nine, Craigavon

Craigavon (right) was once described as getting paid "for generally making a good fellow of himself." He drawled: "That's accurate enough"

discovered a liking for shipboard life. Since then, including naval service in the war, he has spent eleven months of almost every year at sea.

Married, with three children, all imaginatively named, he spends his leaves at his home in Ireland. His son, Janric, and elder daughter, Janitha, were born during the war. The third child, Jacaranda, was christened "after the blossoms in the East."

Like any host, Craigavon must be prepared for unexpected behaviour by some of his guests. On a tour of the Oronsay recently, an inquisitive passenger pressed a button and stopped all the electrically controlled clocks on board. It took Craigavon and the crew half an hour to synchronize and restart them.

Last year, when he was taking passengers over the ship's bridge after leaving Fremantle, a small boy blew the ship's siren. Some members of the crew hurried to the bridge to see what the trouble was. "The boy had accidentally given the signal that the ship was about to turn to starboard in an emergency," says Craigavon. "He had to be disciplined without upsetting his family."

Craigavon's diplomacy was put to its greatest test shortly before the war, when an attractive, dark-haired young woman climbed out of a lifeboat, announced she was a stowaway, and asked to see the chairman of the sports committee. Explaining she was trying to return to England to marry her fiancé, she begged passengers to take up a collection to pay her fare.

"Before I could raise any objection, they had subscribed £250," says Craigavon. "As the girl was able to pay for a cabin, no action was taken."

Women passengers collected clothing for the stowaway and, by the end of the voyage, she was the most popular figure on board. Everybody was happy to have met her, and dozens of new friends promised to attend her wedding in London.

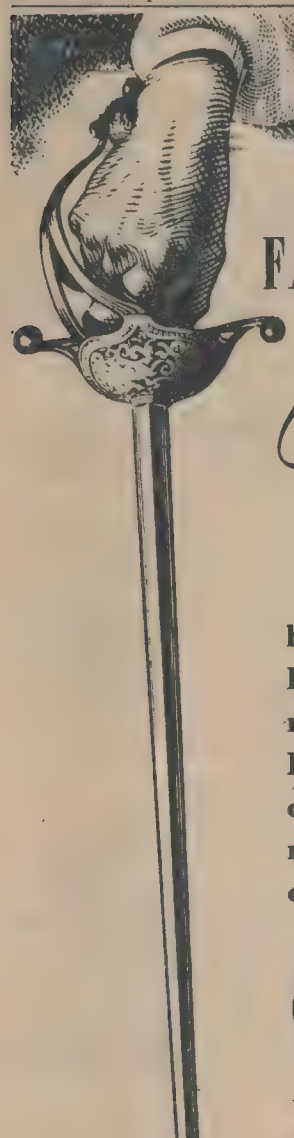
"Both fiancé and wedding," says Craigavon, "turned out to be imaginary."

For more than twenty round-the-world voyages he has organized water sports contests in the tropics, where passengers dive in the ship's pool for spoons, buffet each other with pillows on a greasy pole, and hold potato races in the water.

Craigavon takes no part in the festivities. On his last voyage, however, momentarily forgetting caution, he left the rail to speak to a contestant in the water.

"It was a costly mistake," he says. High-spirited passengers surrounded him and threw him, fully clad, into the ship's pool. THE END

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE HANLEY



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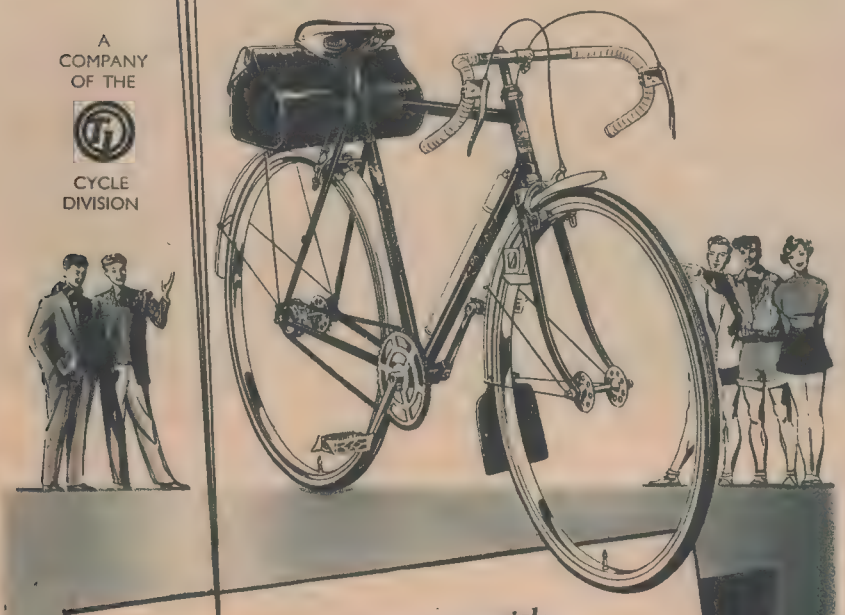

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THE RED HOT ROBBER

Continued from page 19

of taking the suitcase into the crowded darkness, and he never went a step without it.

"I'd rather sit here with you," he said tenderly.

She switched on the radio. The tail-end of the news came through.

". . . arrested a third man in connection with the recent robbery of £80,000 from a mail van. They are redoubling their search for the one bandit who remains at liberty."

Cold water seemed to trickle down Raymond's spine. This was terrifying. His suitcase was loaded with high explosive that could blow him into the dock, along with Nos. 2, 3 and 4.

"It's just like a film, isn't it?" Maisie said comfortably. "I suppose they'll get the fourth man. They always do."

Much as he loved her, there were times when he wanted to be alone.

"Maisie dear, I've a very busy day tomorrow," he said. "Would you mind if we made it an early night?"

She saw him to the door and gave a little cry of dismay. "It's raining! You'll have to use your umbrella."

The umbrella! He had forgotten it, had left it behind at the pub in his hurry to leave. Normally he never lost or forgot anything, and this wasn't the time to start. It might be the suitcase next.

Maisie was distressed. "But Raymond, it's so unlucky to lose a present. You'll never get it back. People just aren't honest about umbrellas."

"Buy me another," he said, "and make me pay for my carelessness."

"Oh, I couldn't let you pay for a present, but—you wait!" She smiled up at him and she buttoned him into his raincoat. "Tomorrow is early closing here, so I shall pop into Gresham to do some shopping."

"I'll be here at seven o'clock," he promised. "Don't go spending any more money on me."

"I love giving you presents." She hugged him and let him go.

In the morning he read of No. 2's capture. A prying landlady had found a key to fit the trunk he kept under his bed, and had phoned the police about the contents. It had been as easy as that, and it strengthened Raymond's resolve not to let the suitcase out of his sight for eight months—if he lasted eight months.

THE doubt shook him. He was almost afraid to go to the South London suburb he had chosen. No panic, he kept telling himself, but the day was a nightmare. Tobacconists fingered his notes as they gossiped. A policeman seemed to be standing on every corner. He had a frightful fear that his suitcase would burst open, scattering fat wads of notes.

He longed for a safe, cosy evening with Maisie, but when he reached the shop, she wasn't there to greet him.

Tired and disappointed, he was putting his packets of ten into stock when someone rattled the shop door.

A police constable stood there, peering through the glass.

Raymond's stomach turned over.

This was it. They had come for No. 1, and he was trapped.

Squaring his shoulders, he opened the door.

"Mr. Dowling? Sorry to trouble you, sir,"—amazingly, the constable sounded apologetic!—"but we have a girl by the name of Maisie Norris at the station, and she says she's your fiancée."

Swallowing the ball of fear in his throat, Raymond stood aside for the man to enter. "That's right, officer," he said calmly. "But what is all this about?"

"This afternoon she was arrested in Gresham for shop-lifting."

It couldn't be true. Not Maisie. Confused, relieved, yet still afraid, Raymond shook his head. "There must be some ghastly mistake. She's as honest as the day——"

"This must come as a shock to you, sir," the constable sympathized, "but I'm afraid it's true. In Wilson's stores she was seen to pick up a gent's umbrella, and when she went out without paying for it she was stopped."

"Good heavens, man, anyone might forget to pay——"

"She had only a few shillings in her purse. In her shopping-bag were two pairs of nylons, two pairs of gent's socks, a tin of asparagus tips, and a tinned chicken. She has admitted stealing them as well as the umbrella."

Raymond's mind whirred. "I can't believe it," he said feebly.

"At first she was too upset to talk, then she calmed down and was sensible enough to tell us everything. She's been in the same sort of trouble before—bound over twice, fined twice."

Maisie. Sweet, wide-eyed, generous little Maisie. It was staggering—as if a pet lamb had suddenly butted him in the stomach.

The constable comforted him. "Don't you take it too hard. She's very young, and she may get off with a fine again. It depends on whether you stand by her. The bench go a lot by that."

Raymond nodded. Amazed and disillusioned though he was, he wouldn't let Maisie down. This could make no difference, except that from now on he would have to check the till roll.

IN this crisis his nerve was steady, his courage high. Still carrying his case, because the shop and Maisie's rooms might be searched later, he went with the constable to a patrol car. Sitting with the case across his knees gave him a queer sensation that was half terror, half exhilaration. Could he get away with it? Could he walk into a police station with nearly £20,000 in stolen notes, and walk out again with the money? If so, he deserved to go down in the annals of crime as a super-crook. . . .

Maisie was sitting forlornly in the charge-room, very pale, her soft mouth quivering. She wouldn't meet his gaze. "I never meant to do it again," she whispered, "but something comes over me in those big stores. Please, Raymond, forgive me."

He took her cold hand into his. "I'm going to get you out of here and look after you," he said gently. "Have you told them everything?"

She raised drenched eyes to his, and in them was a light that made him catch his breath with hopeless regret for that mad moment of inspiration.

"Everything. . . ."

"And it makes quite a list, sir," the desk sergeant said. He saw it included his cuff-links, lighter, silver pencil, cigarette case and fountain pen. He put them on the counter under the approving eyes of the police.

"Anything else, sweetheart?" he urged. "Now is the time to tell." When she shook her head, he turned to the sergeant. "I'll stand bail. If I can get her off with a fine in the morning, you won't see her again."

A few minutes later, he signed the forms and took Maisie by the arm.

"Come along. I daresay you can do with a cup of tea."

She smiled wanly, but hung back. "There is just one other thing." She sighed. "That suitcase, Raymond. I knew you wanted one for Christmas, and I meant to pay for it, really I did, but no one seemed to notice me in the rush, so—so I just walked out with it. "There!" Her smile became happier. "Now I have told everything."

His mind spun in a red ball of fear. He heard himself speaking to the police in a cool, friendly voice. "The case is full of my samples. I'm not likely to run off with it, so if I may bring it back later——"

"Sorry, sir, but we can't allow stolen property to be taken away from the station." The sergeant produced a sheet of brown paper. "Make a parcel of your stuff—I'll get some string."

They were watching him, idly curious. This was the end, and in a way he was glad. It would come as a relief for Maisie to know the truth about him. She would wait. It might be for a long time, but he knew she loved him.

"Don't trouble about the string," he said. He put the case on the counter and reached for the key. THE END

"Here it comes again—number seven in the home artist paint it yourself series"

THE LITTLE WALLS

Continued from page 15

you go back there, and think I can help you, write me. I still think the suicide explanation is phoney and I'd be glad to help you prove it."

I said: "I'll remember that."

Back in the city, I called on Tholen. He had a disappointment for me. The man they had sent to Jakarta had cabled that he would not be home until next week. Tholen seemed rather more agreeable this morning. If I had to leave when I said I must, he promised to send me the report.

I got back to the hotel early and wrote a letter to Dr. Pangkal, whose address in Java I'd had from Tholen. Grevil usually made personal friends of his assistants, and it seemed to me that Pangkal might be more willing to give his confidences to Grevil's brother than to a Dutch official.

I was half-way through when Boets's wife came upstairs and, as far as I could understand it, said there was someone below for Commander Coxon.

I put on my jacket as a young chap was shown in. He was pale and thin with very thick rimless spectacles.

"Commander Coxon?"

I hesitated. "Well?"

"You are Commander Coxon?"

I nodded.

The man looked round as if he expected to be stabbed in the back.

"Sir, a Mr. Lowenthal informed me that there was information you wished to purchase. You wished to know about a certain lady who left the country on March the thirtieth?"

To hide my expression, I bent to pick up my cigarettes. "Yes, I do."

"Well, I have it. I was promised a hundred guilders."

I would have given a thousand. "Yes, I'll pay that—if the information is what I want."

"May I have the money, then."

"When you have told me what you have to tell."

We looked at each other, but I stared him down. After a little, he fumbled for a piece of paper. "She left Holland on March 30 at 21.15 hours in K.L. flight No. 341 for Rome. Her address in Rome was given as Hotel Agostini, Via Quirinale 21."

I offered him a cigarette, but he shook his head. "Thank you, sir, I do not smoke."

"And is she still in Rome?"

"That, of course, I do not know."

I lit my cigarette. "And her name?"

He stared at me through his thick lenses, and I thought he was going to ask me for more money, but he didn't. Instead he glanced at his piece of paper again. "Helen Joyce Winter."

"Mrs. or Miss?"

"Mrs."

"British?"

"Yes, sir."

"And the man?"

He blinked. "The man, sir?"

"Wasn't there a man with her?"

"I do not know, sir. To the best of my knowledge she travelled alone."

I thought: Helen, Helena, Eleanora, Leonora, Leonie.

"Have you any other information?"

"No, sir."

I took two fifty-guilder notes out of my pocket book and handed them to him. He blinked at them with his head bent over them suspiciously, then folded them in his quick, narrow, nervous fingers. The notes crackled as they disappeared.

Martin Coxon's inquiries, it seemed, had not been useless, after all.

My brother Arnold said: "What will you get out of a visit to Rome? I don't understand."

"Nor I, yet. But it can't be left as it is."

"You don't want to tell me what you've discovered?"

"Practically nothing—yet."

"Your firm will have something to say about this, won't they?"

"They'll have something to say when they know. As yet they don't."

"They may cut up rough."

"I should in their place. Things in California are in a very crucial stage. Having me drop out just isn't a business proposition for them."

"And you?"

"I shall ask them to send someone in my place. How they'll react, I don't know."

Arnold blew his nose. He was thinking out his words carefully. "I know you're not a person who *needs* security, Philip. You've proved that by refusing to draw more than a pittance from us all those years you were trying to paint. But you must know that if anything goes wrong with your job—especially over this—there's still a position for you here."

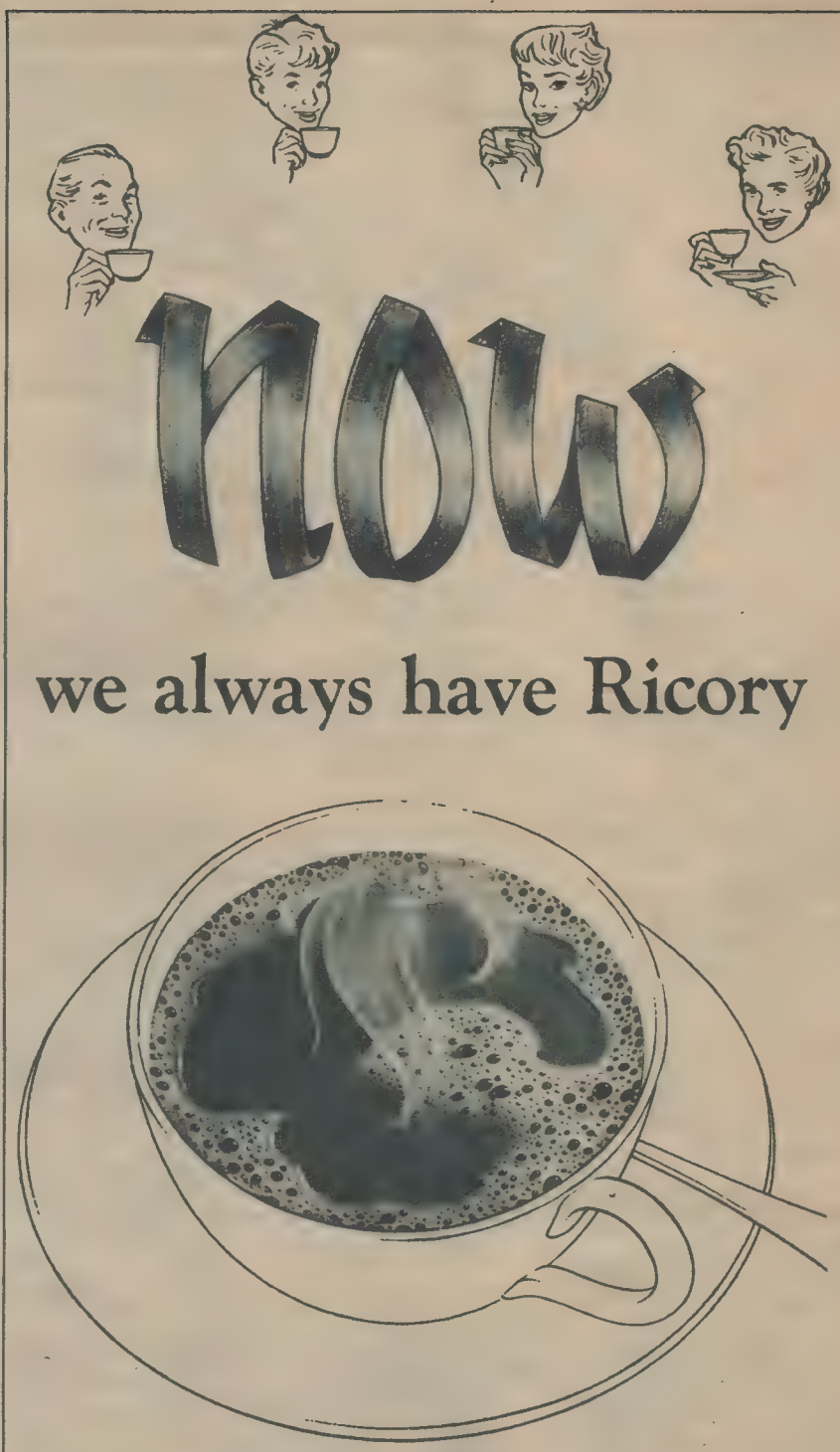
"I suppose I ought to know. But I don't take it for granted."

Arnold got up and flattened out the dog-ears in the telephone book. "You can. Absolutely." After a while he said: "By the way, Philip, there's one thing I should mention. I expect you know, don't you, that the stuff Grevil was bringing back, the results of his excavations—or such of them as were portable—were mainly for the Rijksmuseum of Amsterdam. But a few things, at his own discretion, were to come with him to England. All these were flown back in the plane with him to Amsterdam; four small packing crates for the museum and one for himself.

"Well, when he died, the Dutch police impounded his belongings, in order, they said, to help them in their inquiries. These have now been released to us. His ordinary things came to our house, but the case went to Professor Little at the British Museum. Well, I've had a letter from Little today, and he says the case was two-thirds empty."

"You mean the Dutch lifted the rest of the stuff?"

"Apparently. Why, we don't know, unless the Dutch archaeologists felt that Grevil's death put an end to the



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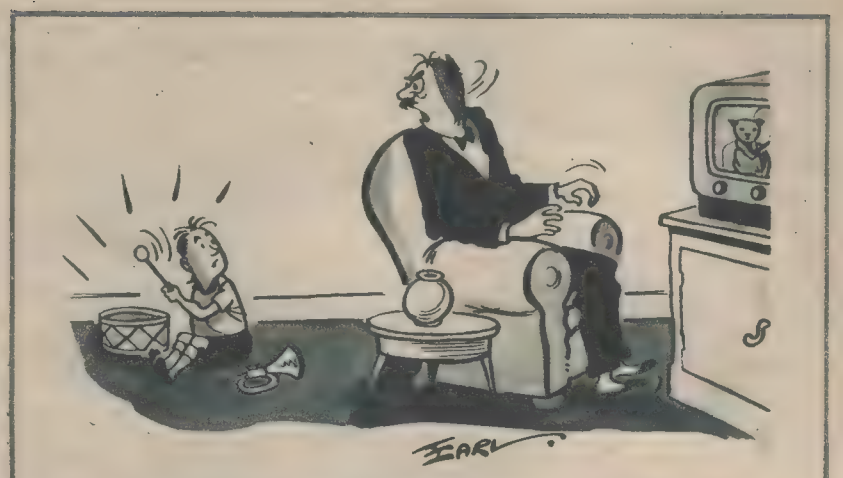

"Why don't you come and watch children's television?"

arrangement, and so they were entitled to help themselves to everything of interest. It was queer, keeping all his personal belongings until now."

"What does Little think of the stuff that's eventually arrived?"

"In the crate? Not much. But he's forwarded on to me Grevil's notes, which are in that shorthand of ours. I shall find it tedious work, because it's years since I did any. I wonder if, in view of. . . ."

"Yes, of course," I said. "Where are they?"

Father, among his other diverse activities, had invented a shorthand of his own. Grevil had always written to me at school in it and kept his own notes that way.

Arnold had fished a couple of loose-leaf notebooks out of his drawer. "Little would like a full transcription if you can manage it. And it's just possible the notes may shed some light on the situation before Grevil's death. At least, it will give us an indication of what the Dutch are keeping."

"Yes," I said. "I'll take it with me to Rome."

I DIDN'T see Martin Coxon before I left. I should have, because it was entirely his doing that I had what information I had; but I badly wanted to take the next step on my own.

Withycombe, my London boss, was very stuffy about my wanting further leave, and I didn't at all blame him. But at least I didn't get the sack, and in one way Withycombe was helpful. He agreed to have my last month's salary cabled to me in dollars abroad; it would solve the immediate problem of foreign exchange.

I took the night plane to Rome and had breakfast in the hot early sunshine of the Piazza Colonna. By twelve I was walking up the steps of the Hotel Agostini. Somehow I hadn't expected the search to end here, and it did not. Mrs. Winter had stayed two nights only and had then left for Naples. My troubles were only just beginning. However, I walked up to the station, found a train just leaving, and was within sight of the Bay by a little after two o'clock.

Naples is a big city to search, and there were only two ways of going about it. I either spent a week making the rounds of the hotels or I went to the police.

I went to the police.

I told them Mrs. Helen Winter was a very old and dear friend of mine, and I'd heard she was in the town. I was most anxious to trace her for personal reasons. . . . I made it clear that this was almost a family matter, and if it was not already that I wanted it to become one. The man I interviewed nodded, fully understanding, and said it would take a little time. In the meanwhile, if I would give him a hotel where he could get in touch with me. . . .

Next morning, having heard nothing, I went round again, I waited an hour before my friend of yesterday came in with a slip of paper.

"This is the information you want, *signore*. Mrs. Helen Winter spent the night of April 4 at the Hotel Vesuvio."

"Only the one night?"

"Yes. She left for Capri the following day and registered there at the Hotel Vecchio."

Mrs. Winter was a restless mover. "And from there?"

"We have no notice of her having left. But of course it may not yet have come in."

I thanked him adequately. The police, I said, had been very kind, and he saw me out. Then I caught a taxi down to the docks. A boat I found was leaving at 2.30. I took that.

As I walked through the main square of Capri the hollow bell of the town clock was striking twenty-seven, though the fingers pointed to ten past five. I'd been here once before, in '46, when the island was still shaking itself out after the war. That was August, and a crowded one. Today there weren't many people sitting in the square, and a good few of the coloured umbrellas had been taken in against the threat of wind.

The Hotel Vecchio was up one of the narrow slits running off from Santo Stefano church, an alley no wider than an arm-stretch with arches propping the opposite sides three storeys overhead. Following the usual job lot of people — bowed natives carrying wood, foreign residents in beach hats and blue jeans, old men with donkeys and young men with girls—I came to the end of the cobbled alley and climbed the slope to the hotel.

From what the policeman said, I'd expected and hoped that this would be the end of the road, but when I asked about Mrs. Winter the receptionist shook his head. Mrs. Winter had stayed only one night. He didn't know where she had gone. She had left no forwarding address.

I felt rather desperate at this, because it looked as if I was getting nowhere at all. I asked to see the manager. The manager was out. I asked for the under-manager. A dark young woman came out fastening a cameo to her blouse and I said I wanted a room. (I certainly did, for there was no way of leaving the island tonight.) The woman showed me up to one, and there I tackled her about Mrs. Winter again. I said I had information that she was still on the island and I really must ask them to co-operate in helping me trace her.

AFTER a bit of fencing, the woman to my great relief, gave in and admitted that, in fact, Mrs. Winter hadn't gone far and was staying with friends. She'd specially asked that her new address shouldn't be given away to strangers. It seemed that Mrs. Winter was anxious to avoid some sort of publicity and she did not wish reporters. I said I was not a reporter and would treat any confidence with the greatest discretion.

I could still hardly believe that the bluff had come off. The dark young woman pulled back the shutters of my bedroom, showing the sea going cobalt with the approach of evening; then, with a little look under her eyes

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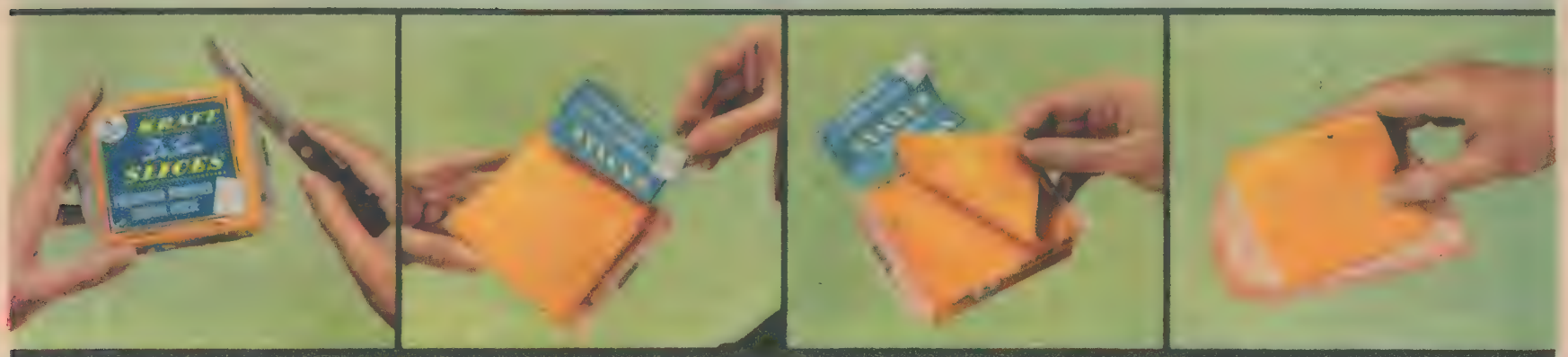

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Transatlantic Tip

Make an easy filling snack this way. Toast a piece of bread per person, cover each with one Kraft De Luxe Slice and return under the grill to melt. Top with criss-cross of grilled bacon. The taste of crispy bacon and cheese together is wonderful!

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at me, she said the address was care of Mme Weber, Villa Atrani.

Sometimes you follow a trail so closely that the trail becomes an end in itself and your mind doesn't go beyond. This had happened to me now. I had been so full of the need to trace one of these two people who were bound up with Grevil's death that, now I had apparently caught up with one, I was at a bit of a loss as to the next move.

All through dinner I thought round it, and then after dinner I went for a stroll.

Going out in Capri after dark is always a secretive business—that's if you get away from the few main "streets" and the square. It's all as badly lighted as an early English film, and the lanes and alleys bend and twist and climb and fall on a half-dozen different levels between the blank high walls of houses or private gardens.

I WENT in the direction I'd been told and, after losing my way twice, came on a couple of stone gateposts and a wrought-iron gate with a crest worked into the middle. On one gatepost was *Villa* and on the other *Atrani*. You couldn't see the house—at least, not in the dark; only two big tree-ferns, some yuccas and a curving path. I pushed open the heavy wrought-iron gate, and went in.

You soon saw the lights of the house. It was a big place but built low, with a flat roof. At the front there was a long shallow veranda supported on baby Corinthian pillars. The lights were at both ends of the house. As I went up, the gravel crunched under my feet so I stepped on to the grass verge.

The blinds of the drawing-room hadn't been let down, and I could just see in, though on a lower level. There was a tall, heavy-built woman moving about, and once she came close to the window to pick a dead petal off some flowers in a vase. Then I saw a man, a dark handsome chap probably about forty. He was wearing a reefer coat and a polo sweater, and beside him was a tall, thin woman with an enormously long cigarette holder between her teeth. They were looking at something together, out of my sight. Then the first woman bent down and a dog barked.

I heard something else, too: the shrill creak of the gate behind me and the sound of footsteps on the path.

It was too late to move far into the undergrowth: the sort of foliage round me would make a lot of noise if shoved quickly aside; I leaned back against a palm tree.

Three people; they went past very close; a slim girl in a scarlet blouse and dark slacks, a young, very dark, man with a hooked nose and a limp, a plump girl in a white sweater and jeans. They were talking together in English.

As they went up the steps, the man said something to the slim girl that I couldn't catch and she laughed.

The door of the house opened and they went in.

Perhaps I should have taken that interruption as a warning, but I didn't. I thought if I could get up near to the window I could see right in.

A firefly darted across the path as I moved up it. I had gone perhaps a dozen steps when the door of the house suddenly opened again. I backed into the shrubbery. The big woman I had first seen in the room was silhouetted against the light. She walked with a stick, and after a second two great dogs bounded out from beside her. One gave a deep-throated bark and came straight down the path. I saw that it was a mastiff.

"Macy!" the woman shouted. "Macy, don't you dare go out of the grounds!"

The dog came straight for me. I backed an inch or two but it was no good. He came off the path and stopped about a yard away. He opened his mouth and gave off a noise that was half a bark and half a cough.

I muttered to him in a low voice: "Good dog. Good dog."

The mastiff made no move, but just looked at me as if waiting for me to start running. That was when the fun would begin. There was a trampling in the undergrowth as the other dog came at me by a less direct route. He growled, low and deep. Mastiffs have big heads. This one was dribbling at the sides of its jowl.

"Macy! Gimbel!" said the woman. "Don't you dare go out of the garden!" She started down the steps.

The first dog moved a few paces nearer and sniffed at my hand. I didn't move. The second dog growled again.

"Gimbel," I muttered.

"Who's there?" said the woman. "Is anyone there?"

After what seemed a very long time, Macy turned and began sniffing at some leaves. I wasn't sure but thought there was a movement of his tail. The other chap now came over and examined the leg of my trousers. I should have been a lot happier if his tail had moved too.

The woman was at the bottom of the steps but didn't come any farther. She had stopped to light a cigarette. I took my life in my hands and patted Macy's head. He shook it, and a tiny bell rattled round his neck. Gimbel was now making extraordinary inhaling noises as if the smell of me was giving him asthma. Macy stretched up, and the head of him came level with my top waistcoat button.

The woman called to them again. Slowly, with obvious reluctance, Macy detached himself and ambled up the path. Gimbel, later here, was later going.

The slim girl came to the door. "Are you all right, Mme Weber?"

"I hope I am, Leonie darling. Gimbel and Macy are being very naughty. They know they should stay with me and not go off into the overgrown part of the garden. Provokin'. One never knows, one might meet a snake."

I couldn't hear the girl's reply because at that moment Macy came into Mme Weber's view and went wuffing and wagging up to her, and she immediately rounded on him, calling down the wrath of God on him in such honeyed tones that he thought he was being praised.

Jealousy was stirred in Gimbel and he abruptly left me and went off up the path. Presently the two women and the two dogs went in and the door closed. I wiped my hand, which was wet with Macy's saliva, on the leaf of a convenient banana tree and made a move to leave the garden. Before I did so a light came on in one of the bedrooms upstairs and I saw Leonie Winter lean out and pull the shutters to.

WHEN I got back to the hotel, I had a few minutes more conversation with the manageress. Now that she had given way on the first point she seemed quite willing to talk. She told me that Mme Weber was a well-known personage on the island and fostered local painting. Later, I spent an hour deciphering and writing out the first pages of Grevil's archaeological notes. On the fifth page there was a reference to Buckingham.

"Authority in this district scarcely exists—planters cannot live on estates but come weekly to inspect, under convoy. No wonder we were attacked. Buckingham's behaviour then is in keeping with his general attitude towards this state of affairs, which he argues is the most natural in the world. Civilization as we know it, he says, is a glacial condition preserving what is dead and done with and preventing true development which occurs only in flux and thaw. Absolute moonshine, I tell him. We wrangle amiably long after dark. Have decided to check up on his report of fossils in Urtini river bed and we shall leave Djandowi tomorrow. . . ."

My eyes skipped hastily along, trying to find Buckingham's name again. But it didn't turn up in the next few pages, so I came back and went on with the deciphering.

The following morning was brilliantly clear and fine, one of those magic days that you see at their best in Italy, when the world looks as if

It's The Custom . . . in TINSLEY GREEN

International contest: a member of an American team in action

Top-flight marbles at the Greyhound

DURING the British Marbles Championship in 1951, Bernard Wilcock, a fifty-one year old tailor, found that someone had stolen his cigar. Wilcock, who plays for the Arundel Mullets, refuses to take part in championship marbles without a cigar in his mouth, and he would not carry on. "There was ten minutes of general rumpus before the cigar was recovered and play could continue," says George Burbridge, the championships' organizer.

Wilcock went on to win the individual championship.

The British Marbles Championships are held every Good Friday in front of the Greyhound at Tinsley Green, a Sussex village on the edge of Gatwick airport. They were first held in 1930, but marbles has been a popular game in Sussex for hundreds of years. Usually about six teams take part, most of them local. Copthorne, two miles from Tinsley Green, has three: the Copthorne Spitfires, the Cherrypickers, and the Artful Alberts.

One of the most famous of all marbles players is George Maynard of Copthorne. At eighty-three, Maynard still plays in the British championships. In July of last year he went to France with the Tinsley Tigers, the British team champions, and played in a match at Le Touquet.

As well as the individual and team events, there is an international championship played at Tinsley Green. It started in 1953 with the first visit of an American navy team. The Americans came back again last year—but they have not won yet.

In team games, there are six men a side. Forty-nine clay marbles are put in the centre of the concrete ring, which is covered in wet sand, and the team which knocks the most marbles right out of the ring wins, and goes on to the next round.

Each player shoots at the clays with marbles called tolleys, which are usually made of glass, and must not be more than three-quarters of an inch in diameter. Genuine glass bottle-stopper marbles, or bottleys, are banned.

Most players have their favourite tolleys, passed down in the family. Albert Simmonds, licensee of the Cherry Tree at Copthorne Bank, inherited from his father one of Britain's finest collections of glass marbles: he has 140, both plain and patterned. Simmonds is himself a member of the Cherrypickers—the team is named from his pub—and there are frequent games of marbles on the floor in his bar.

Is marbles really only a boys' game? Emphatically no, says George Burbridge. "It requires great skill," he claims. "Boys are not really capable of first-class play. The necessary strength of wrist and fingers and the right temperament cannot be achieved before manhood."

it has been re-created while you slept. I didn't know the plans at the Villa Atrani, but I'd a good idea what most people would want to do on a morning like this, so after breakfast I walked into the noisy square, bought myself bathing trunks and rope-soled shoes, and took a bus.

I got down to the sea and swam straight away. The water was cold and tonic and very buoyant. Afterwards I hired a canoe and paddled round the little beaches, keeping close inshore. On the westernmost and most unspoiled I saw four people lying in the sun and thought they were the likeliest. I paddled in between two rocks and took an interest in the sea bed until they moved. Then I recognized the dark man and the shape of Leonie Winter's head.

As I turned the canoe and headed away, a very handsome motor yacht entered the bay and came close inshore. Leonie Winter waved and I recognized the man at the wheel as the man in the reefer jacket who had been in the Villa Atrani last night.

When I got in I took up a position between the sunbathers and the motor road. Whatever their means of transport they must come this way.

BY now it was noon. I smoked and lay in the sun beside a pool. There were not a lot of people about this morning and I felt myself likely to be conspicuous as a newcomer. At twenty to one, the two girls came past me. The men, it seemed, were staying down. A crowd was gathering for the quarter-to-one bus. The girls joined it. I did too.

So I got my first real look at her.

She was wearing only a blue linen blouse and brief blue linen shorts with

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cont;.. (3)
down Bond Street with Father and who should we bump into but my Bill! Just the man I wanted him to meet. They hit it off wonderfully: seemed to think highly of each other because both were wearing Baracuta Raincoats.

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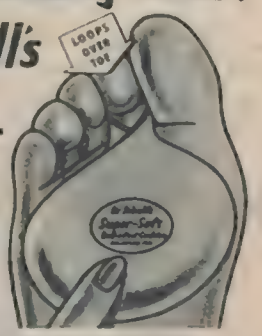

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a white stripe down the side and scarlet rope bathing shoes.

People don't queue in Italy. When the bus came, there was an unprincipled scramble and as I was chiefly interested in being near the two girls I wasn't lucky over a seat. Instead, I stood close beside them, strap-hanging.

The other girl was doing all the talking, with an American accent, about a flirtation she was having with someone called Nicolo. Leonie Winter only nodded her head occasionally in an absentminded way. Her shortish hair looked casually untidy but, in fact, it had been cut that way by a first-rate hairdresser. In the bus her legs were golden with the sun, and the tiny hairs on them, that you couldn't see except in sunshine, gave them a polished golden sheen.

The bus palpitated into life, the door concertinaed the last struggling people in and the driver started off with a jerk. We rounded the first hairpin with a lurch and a swerve. I was carrying my rope-soled shoes, which were very wet, and I now changed hands with them and saw the first drops fall on Leonie Winter's leg.

After a moment, she moved her right leg. I shifted my arm and the drops of sea water began to fall on her left.

The second hairpin. The bus accelerated into the first straight climb. A hand touched my arm. I looked down. It was the plump girl, staring at me with pleasant, friendly eyes.

"Do pardon me, but your shoes are dripping on to my friend."

I looked at Leonie Winter. She had tried to move her legs out of the way but hadn't quite made it. She wasn't looking up or looking at anything in particular.

"I'm sorry." I moved the shoes into the other hand, and smiled at the American girl.

She said: "It's these buses. They're *quite* awful. One never knows how they're going to behave."

"Or the people in them."

She laughed. "Oh, I don't know. You take it as it comes."

The bus lurched to a stop, at what I recognized was the back entrance to the Villa Atrani and the two girls and some others fought their way out.

Leonie Winter looked at me for the first time. She got down. Jane smiled and nodded a friendly goodbye.

THAT afternoon I had a stroke of luck. I walked down to the square and passed near the bank, which had just re-opened after its siesta. Outside the door, tied by a lead to a stone post, were two small yellow-brown lion cub-like puppies.

People were milling around and I could see the bank was crowded. I strolled over and bent down and began to stroke one of the puppies. I was in no danger of losing a couple of fingers or half a leg today. They were nice little brutes, these two. They climbed over my shoes on wobbly bow legs, and bits of tail waved in the air. They sat and scratched themselves and shook their muzzles and then came back for more. I was pretty sure it was her feet and rubber-tipped stick before she spoke in Italian.

I straightened up quickly: "I beg your pardon. They looked lonely."

She was in her late fifties probably, not exactly stout, but big. She'd thickened in the body but retained the quality of ankle and wrist. She looked ill, her skin yellow under the make-up.

"You're English." She smiled at me absently. "I might have known by the back of your head. Interestin'. I shouldn't have brought them; at the bank it always takes time before I'm through. Civil of the gentleman to entertain you, darlings."

"They entertained me."

"I do hate performin' dogs, don't you? Going through hoops and balancin'. Unsuitable." She looked me over. "I never go to circuses. You're interested in mastiffs?" She pronounced it "maystiff."

"I used to have one."

"Very few do now; I suppose it's the feeding. And they do take up room. Like grand pianos. Was yours a dog or a bitch?"

"Dog."

"I have two at my villa. Very difficult exercisin' them. The island's overcrowded."

WE talked for a minute or two, she leaning heavily on her stick while the puppies rolled over in a mock fight. Then she separated them with the point of her stick and turned to go. "Maybe we shall meet again, Mr.—er. . . ."

"Er — Philip Norton is my name. Yes, I hope so."

"Everybody meets everybody on this island sooner or later. It's like a Paul Jones. Are you staying long?"

"About a week, I suppose. I want to do a little painting."

"Oh. . . ." She looked at me again with a glimmer in her bloodshot eyes. "You're an artist?"

"Only in my spare time now."

"People do come and go. Irritatin'. The island's a magnet. Do you know Langdon Williams?"

"I've met him."

"He may be here later in the month. Landscapes. Cézanne and water I always think. But he's esteemed." She took another step and then stopped again. "I suppose you're not free this evening? A few people are coming to my villa for drinks. It'll be very dull and I've forgotten who's invited, but I'd like you to meet the maystiffs."

I said I'd be charmed to meet the maystiffs.

"Careful now, Bergdorf, you're bitin' too hard. A joke's a joke. I'll expect you around six to six thirty then, Mr. Norton."

I said: "I'm afraid I don't know your name or where to come."

"Mme Weber. Villa Atrani. Just on the edge of the town. Anybody'll tell you. It'll be English gin, anyway."

To be continued next week

APPOINTMENT IN PAMPLONA

Continued from page 25

can't matter whether we get to Pamplona tomorrow or the next day or never."

Mr. Banting's hands were shaking and he put them hastily out of sight in his trousers pockets.

"You'll do as I say, do you hear?"

Percy Banting drove the last few miles to Pamplona with sick dread wrapped round his heart. There was a gong beating in his brain. *"The past has deceived me, the present torments me, the future frightens me . . . the future frightens me...the future...."*

Somewhere in front was the reason which had brought Mr. Banting across the Channel, across the international bridge at Irun. The certainty of that was mounting in Mr. Banting's mind like a fever. Something waited in Pamplona and now there was no escape. Little beads of perspiration gathered on his forehead and he raised one hand with a weary gesture to wipe them away. This morning his headache had been bad again and he had tied a red cotton handkerchief over his head because he could not bear the pressure of his hat.

Mr. Banting found a hotel, garaged the car, and emerged with the three boys to gaze round the narrow streets and meet, in loneliness and fear, whatever it was he had come to meet.

A small, fat man was hurriedly boarding up a shop front. A boy had climbed a lamp-post and was hanging from the top like a monkey. There was a distant rumble of cartwheels and faces appeared suddenly at windows and running figures dodged into doorways. A little girl in a yellow apron scuttled across the street and was swept up into the arms of a woman whose face was an odd mixture of eagerness and fear. Mr. Banting stared up and down and across the square and then he knew why he had come to Pamplona. The Seventh of July

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was the day when the people went a little mad with a lust for danger.

He spoke quickly over his shoulder. "Get back to the hotel, all of you."

Percy Banting had never seen a bull except in photographs, but he knew that the black brutes which thundered round the corner were the fighting bulls of Pamplona. One had the mattress of a child's bed dangling from its horns, one swerved into the square in pursuit of a young man in a long white apron, and one turned towards Mr. Banting, lowered its head and charged.

Mr. Banting fought down an impulse to run. He had to protect the boys—to keep the bull away from them. They were still several yards from the hotel and seemed to be moving with absurd slowness.

"Quickly," Mr. Banting shouted. "Oh, go quickly!"

As the bull bore down on him he made a futile flapping movement with his arms, as if to ward it off, and threw himself sideways. The bull plunged by with a dip of its horns and Mr. Banting twisted round, looking anxiously for the boys. He caught a glimpse of Timothy's fair hair in the shadow of the hotel and was filled with a sudden, overwhelming relief.

Then he turned again to the bull. There was no time for him to run now. All the years of uncertainty and failure, all the secret, unrealized hopes were going to end in violence and terror in a public place in the hot alien sunshine.

The bull was young. A year or more lay between it and the scarlet torment of the arena. It wheeled and paused catlike to twist its neck and lick its side with a long lavender tongue, as if uncertain of the next move.

Sweat poured down Mr. Banting's face, obscuring his vision, and he groped absurdly in his trousers pocket for a handkerchief. It was the large red handkerchief he had worn round his aching head that morning.

As he brought it out, the handkerchief unfurled and his exhausted brain fastened too late on the insanity of flourishing it under the nose of an infuriated bull. He tried to stuff it out of sight but the animal's head was lowered and it began pawing the ground with slender forefeet, terrible in its incongruous grace.

THIS time Mr. Banting flung himself aside with only an inch or two between him and a wicked, curving horn and there was barely a moment's respite before the bull charged again, and again, and again. With the mounting crescendo a peculiar exhilaration rose in Mr. Banting, an uncontrollable impulse to match it, to challenge it, to surmount it. He found himself wiping his hands on the handkerchief in a gesture of bravado, flexing his legs impudently, and, when the bull hesitated at length to measure him up, he glared at it as if daring it to try again.

How long he stood there with his lips curled back, brandishing his handkerchief in challenge, he did not know, but it was long enough for him to decide that he might try to edge away to safety. He moved cautiously, crabwise. Instantly, the bull hurtled into action, whipping the handkerchief out of his hand, slithering to a standstill with the torn remnants flaunted over one horn.

Blind, unreasoning indignation sent the blood singing through Mr. Banting's veins. That handkerchief was his, his small red flag of courage, and it was not going to be trampled into the dust.

"You black . . ." yelled Mr. Banting.

He made a frantic lunge in pursuit, collided with a damp, hairy, heaving flank and lost his balance. The bull gave an outraged bellow, spun round and stood quivering. Mr. Banting bobbing and weaving on two unsteady legs was one thing; Mr. Banting stunned into quiescence on all fours was new and strange. Its scarlet nostrils flared uncertainly, and then all at once it tossed its head as if shrugging off the entire incident and cantered away to tease a group of girls at the entrance to a narrow street.

MR. BANTING stumbled to the pavement and stood there swaying on his short, tired legs. Someone slapped him on the back and a smiling woman thrust a bunch of flowers into his hands. All round him there were people shouting and laughing. Everywhere Mr. Banting turned his eyes, there were dark faces gashed with laughter. Across the scarlet and gold of the flowers he saw the grin on Timothy's face and the amused angle of Steven's eyebrows.

"Gosh, you were funny," spluttered Timothy. "I wish all the chaps at school could have seen you. Wait till we tell them."

Mr. Banting's hair was on end, his shirt was torn and one of his wrists was bleeding. He was a ridiculous figure; but, then, he had never for a moment been anything else but ridiculous.

He raised one hand to shield his stricken eyes from the mockery around him.

"Your wrist's bleeding, sir!"

"Shouldn't we find a chemist? Could we go and get lint and things for you?"

As the words sank in, Mr. Banting lowered his hand slowly and searched the faces of the three boys. He could find no derision there. Their voices were warm with concern for him, and Timothy had called him "sir"; not Mr. Banting, nor Mr. B—but "sir."

A kind of ragged procession formed in front of him and behind him: a noisy, laughing procession. Bobby pressed between the other boys and reached out a grubby hand.

"Please, can I carry the flowers, sir?"

Mr. Banting had forgotten the flowers.

"The women threw flowers," supplied Timothy, in an authoritative tone. "It's a sign they think a matador's got guts."

There was something in the way he said it and something in the proprietorial pride with which he began to propel Mr. Banting forward that made it perfectly clear that the past was forgotten.

As Mr. Banting moved off down the streets of Pamplona he was calm with the acceptance of his destiny. People would always laugh at him. Let them. Let them laugh freely, generously. If he had the courage to offer laughter along with everything else he had to give, he would have his share of the power and the glory.

He looked into the shining eyes of the three boys clustered round him and knew that he had them in the hollow of his hand. THE END

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Unfortunately, the electrician was careless, and some of the wiring was faulty. Soon after William's friend moved in, the defective wiring caused a fire. William's house was burnt down and the blaze spread to Joseph's house, almost totally destroying that, too.

Joseph was unable to trace the electrician to sue him, and decided that, in any case, the man would be unlikely to have sufficient funds to meet the claim. Instead, he sued William for damages for nuisance arising out of the defective, negligently installed wiring.

"Joseph has no case against me," William told the judge. "In the first place, if anyone is liable for the damage, it is the electrician. Secondly, I was not living in my house at the time of the fire and had no control over the use of electricity in it.

"Thirdly, the defective wiring was the result of negligence in my house and liability for it does not extend beyond damage to my house. The fire's spread was pure bad luck."

"The existence of faulty wiring in a neighbour's house is a danger and a possible source of nuisance," replied Joseph. "The defect was the result of negligence; it started the fire and thus caused damage to me. William is liable."

What is your verdict? For the judge's decision, turn to page 39

CHARLES HOWARD CHOSE MALARIA

Continued from page 11

batch of two thousand mosquitoes. He let them develop for another four days.

At last, on September 26, having starved the mosquitoes for forty-eight hours, Shute and his assistants started to give them their first infected feed. Eight glass jars, each topped with netting and holding fifty mosquitoes, were held against the G.P.I. patient's thighs for half an hour.

The laboratory team repeated this procedure over a period of three days until all two thousand insects had had a blood meal.

Shute next had the mosquitoes split into batches of four hundred. Throughout the days and nights while the parasites completed their life cycle in the mosquitoes, rabbits kept in their cages provided them with further blood meals. During this period, half the insects died, largely because Shute kept the insectarium at a relatively high temperature to speed the development of the parasites.

Anxiously, he watched the growth of the parasites under the microscope. As the males and females enter the mosquito, they unite, pierce the wall of its stomach, and lodge on the outside. There, they grow rapidly. Within ten days, one parasite splits itself into a thousand new boomerang-like parasites known as sporozoites. Shute calculated that when the incubation period ended and the old parasites burst, more than half a million sporozoites swam into the salivary glands of each insect, ready to help in the mass infection of Charles Howard.

Two days before Howard was due to report at Horton Hospital, an unforeseen complication arose. His employers, the Ministry of Civil Aviation, refused to allow him time away from work to take part in the experiment. They feared that he might return from the experiment with recurrent malaria.

Howard told Shortt of the ban by telephone, but added that he would report at Horton willy-nilly. Shortt, not at all satisfied, telephoned a Ministry of Health official, and persuaded him to make representations to the Ministry of Civil Aviation at a high level. Next day, Howard heard that the ministry had reversed its decision.

On October 10, he finished work early in the afternoon and made his way to Epsom. . . .

Immediately after the last batch of mosquitoes had fed on Howard, Shute drove him from Epsom to London, to the Hospital for Tropical Diseases. When they arrived, Howard's temperature had risen slightly. The house doctor prescribed antihistamine and calamine lotion treatment for his inflamed limbs. That evening, Howard

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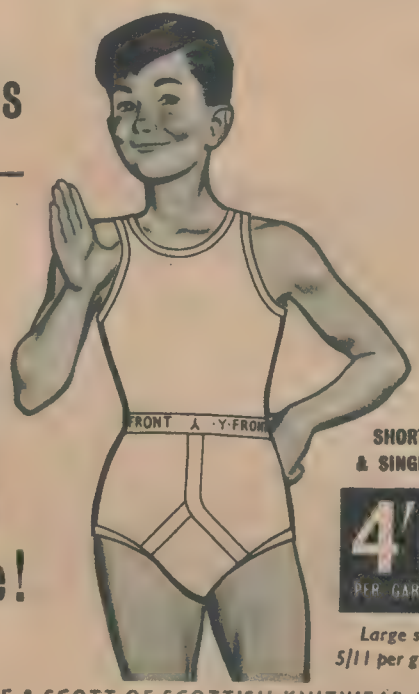

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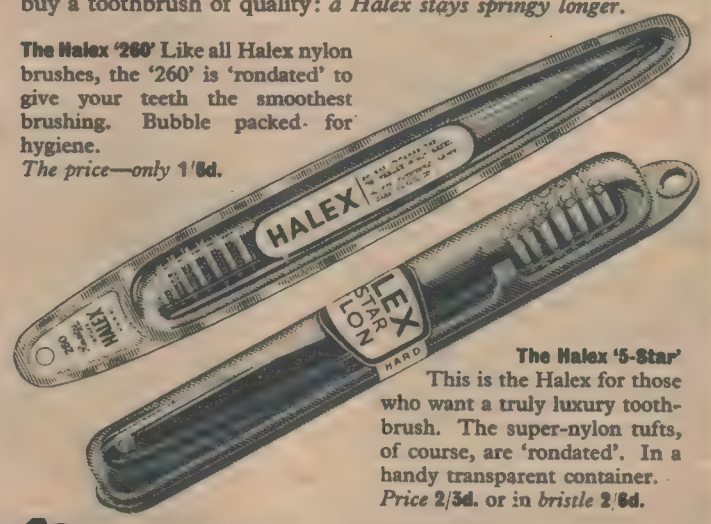

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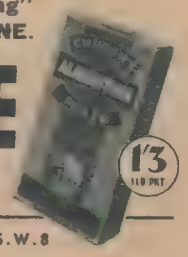

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sat up and read. From then on, he was kept in bed.

During the next three days, the doctors carried out extensive blood and biochemical tests. As expected, they found no parasites. Except for a slight evening rise of temperature, Howard felt perfectly fit.

On the morning of October 16, nurses prepared Howard for an abdominal operation. Still quite fit, he felt decidedly nervous. Shortt, Garnham and Shute felt a little expectant, too.

It was now six and a half days since Shute had first exposed Howard to the infected mosquitoes: if all was well, the parasites were about two-thirds of the way through their incubation period.

Within a few hours, the doctors and malariologists who had prefaced this day with twenty years' hard and patient work, would know whether or not they had at last found the hiding place of the deadliest of the malaria parasites.

Used "Bacon Slicer"

At 3 p.m., Howard was taken to the operating theatre. Mr. Clifford Naunton Morgan, a Harley Street surgeon, performed an open operation on his liver and cut out a triangular wedge-shaped piece, measuring one by three-quarters by half an inch. He then sewed up the liver wound, the incisions in the peritoneal cavity and the abdominal wall. Howard was returned to the ward.

Shortt and Garnham hurried with the piece of liver to the laboratory and fixed it in a solution to prevent shrinkage. If this little piece *did* contain the parasites, the scientists hoped to find them in three stages of development, because Howard had been infected on three successive days. But first they had to put the liver through a laborious process to preserve it, and also to enable them to slice it with a microtome, the scientist's "bacon slicer," into sections one six-thousandth of an inch thick.

In the middle of the next morning, Shortt slipped the first slide under the microscope. He focused the lens. Almost instantly, he recognized in one of the liver cells an irregular shape similar to those he had seen in the liver of a malarious monkey a year earlier. The shape was undoubtedly a parasite of *Plasmodium falciparum*, known at this stage in its life cycle as a schizont.

Joyfully, Shortt and Garnham examined more and more of the liver sections. They were crowded with schizonts ranging in size from one four-hundredth to one eight-hundredth of an inch across. Inside the schizonts, which had themselves started as single parasites, hundreds of new parasites were forming.

In a typical mature schizont, Shortt and Garnham calculated that there were 40,000 of these offspring, all ready to burst into the bloodstream and invade the red cells.

Meanwhile, the patient, Howard, was not in such a happy frame of mind as the men who had experimented on him. When he awoke, feeling pretty sickly, the first bout of his malarial fever was just beginning. A sedative put him quickly to sleep.

Next morning, his temperature rose steadily. From the first chilly stage of the fever, he went into the dry, hot, aching stage. At 10.30 a.m. a test revealed the first parasites in his blood. These had burst from the schizonts left in the rest of his liver.

The specialist attending Howard immediately ordered doses of the anti-malarial drug, chloroquin, at six-hourly intervals. This was the testing-time. Would the chloroquin, normally highly effective in curing an acute attack of malaria, hold Howard's monstrous infection?

That evening his temperature reached 102.6 degrees. The first bout of fever was ending, and Howard sweated profusely. After the dry, burning heat of the last few hours, it was quite a relief.

Early the following morning, Howard's temperature dropped to 100.2 degrees Fahrenheit. The chloroquin dosing continued. Blood samples now showed no signs of parasites. All looked well.

Over the next few days, Howard's temperature zigzagged to normal. His wound healed admirably, and the stitches were removed. On October 22, his report stated: "Patient perfectly fit. Chloroquin therapy discontinued. Discharged to his home for a period of convalescence, during which time 100 milligrammes of paludrine (another antimalarial drug) are to be taken thrice daily for ten days."

Throughout the next six months, Howard reported periodically to the Tropical Diseases Hospital for a medical check. But no trouble occurred as a result of either the operation or the malaria. The doctors thanked Howard profusely for his part in the experiment, both personally and later in their report.

Received Little Reward

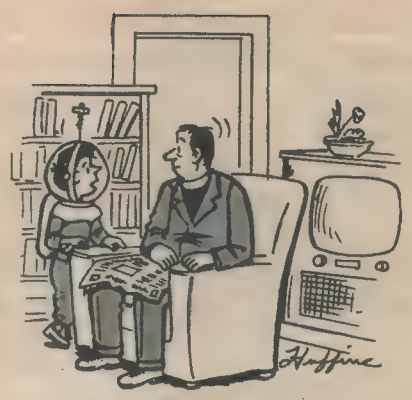
Whatever else Howard got out of dicing with a fatal disease in one of the most important medical experiments of this century lay within himself, for he lost money during the experiment. The Ministry of Civil Aviation did not pay him during his absence from work, and the experimenters could not fully recompense him.

What the doctors and malariologists got out of the experiment was the satisfaction that comes after successfully concluding twenty years of diligent, unspectacular research. Shortt, Garnham and Shute have also carried out similar experiments with the other less virulent human malaria parasites. The final experiment, which ended last year, proved that all malarias in man undergo an incubation period in the liver.

What the world at large has gained from the experiment—about which it heard practically nothing—is a vital clue in the search for a drug which will wipe one of man's worst single curses off the earth. Already two powerful drugs acting on the liver parasites have been perfected since the *falciparum* malaria experiment.

Four people benefited personally and immediately from the experiment. They were the General Paralysis of the Insane patients who bore the malaria infection for four months after it was brought from Bucharest. They were cured.

THE END



"Dad, just how far in outer space *is* heaven?"

Consider your verdict

IN the case on page 37, the judge said that as the owner of the house, William was responsible for preventing it from getting into a dangerous state. Although the electrician was to blame, William was liable because he had authorized the wiring. Having let a house which was in a dangerous condition and therefore a "nuisance," he was responsible when the danger spread and caused damage to his neighbour. Joseph won his case. (*This is the probable verdict, based on actual cases.*)

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Here's actor and TV personality John Slater with his happy family — including wife Betty, Roger, 11, and Simon, 6. For clean, white healthy teeth — use Gibbs every day.

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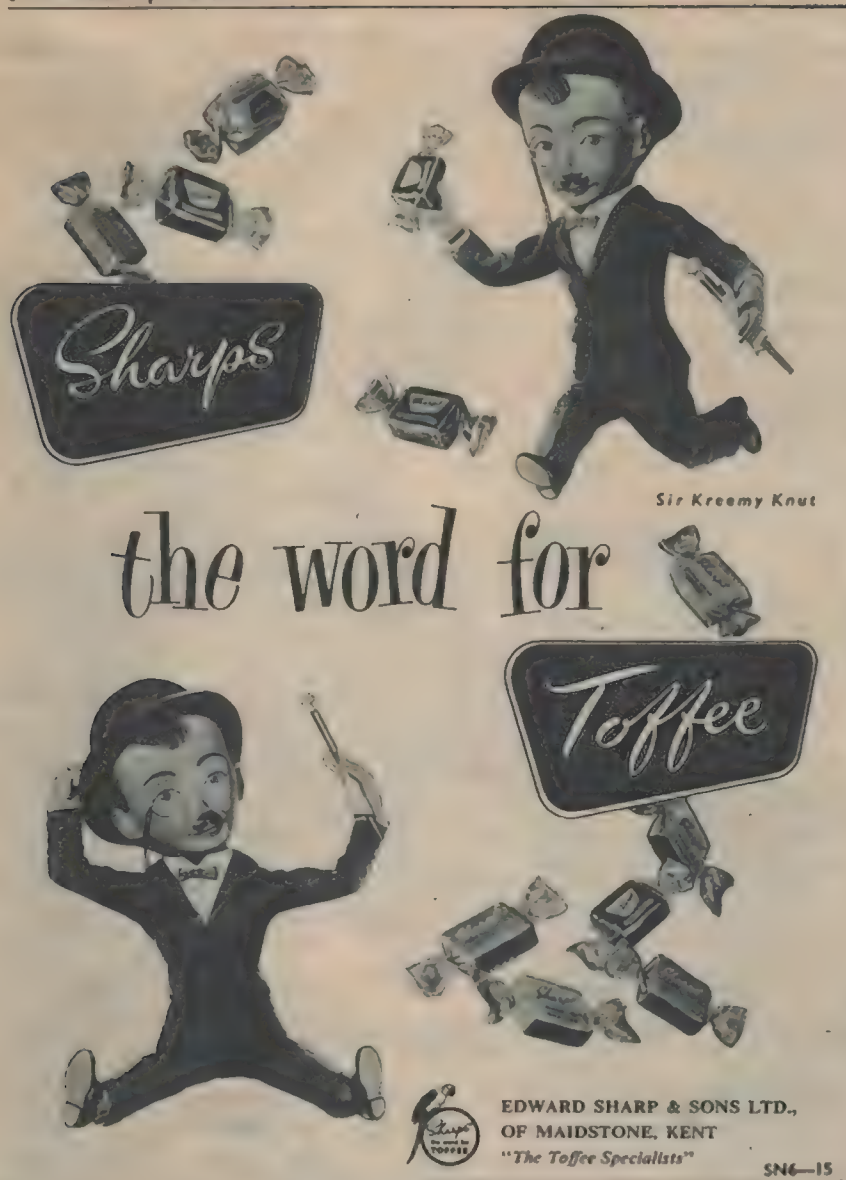

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36 Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.1.

HIGH ADVENTURE

Continued from page 23

camp site. Once the tents had been pitched, we conducted the Sherpas back over the last two crevasses, and left it to Pugh and Stobart to get them safely back to Base Camp.

It was bitterly cold when we awoke in the morning, though we were warm enough inside our double bags. We didn't dare move outside until the sun was striking the tents; above us, the iceblocks were enormous in extent. Square cut, with cliffs a hundred feet high, they surged over the crest of the Cwm, and like great icebergs ground their way relentlessly to the bottom.

The only way was to try to climb up between them. It looked pretty hopeless, but we knew that we had to try. We started off from the tents and climbed steeply up a long gully. We emerged at the foot of the first icecliff and eyed it with considerable trepidation. It was obviously very much alive. The steep slope in front of it was littered with splinters of ice.

The only way to get past this cliff was to traverse along the slope to the right. We clambered quickly along, always trying to keep a large lump of ice between us and the threat from above. Panting hard in the thin air, we reached the end of the slope and dropped down off it into a snowy hollow which seemed free from danger.

George Took The Lead

We sat down for a rest. There seemed to be only one route out of this hollow and it led over the top of a tilting serac. With a resigned shrug, I headed off for it.

Then George Lowe took over the lead. He had only gone a few yards when he stopped and stood still for a moment, looking ahead. Then he waved us up to him. We climbed up and looked over. This is the worst yet, was my immediate thought, for the next hundred feet were split by innumerable crevasses, jagged and fresh, and menaced on every side by poised iceblocks or undercut seracs.

There was a brief silence. "Well, we can only give it a go," said George and started cutting a line of steps down towards the first crevasse. For the next half hour, his ice-axe was going unceasingly as he cut a shaky trail round, in between and over the crevasses. The last crevasse was the worst of the lot. The ice on either side of it was loose and unstable. The only way across it was by means of a thin sliver of ice which projected weakly out into the middle. George was understandably reluctant to use it.

"Go on, George!" I yelled with the courage that comes from being on the far end of the rope. "I've a first-class belay." George sent one scathing glance behind him, then took a deep breath and, light as a feather, flew over the crevasse—I don't think he was on the piece of ice long enough for it to break. He climbed up a few feet and then brought the two of us across on a tight rope.

This sliver of ice served very satisfactorily for a week or so, until fifteen-stone Tom Bourdillon came along. Tom was immensely strong and we often heard his puzzled comment that something "just came apart in my hands." Tom approached this bridge for the first time and gave it a "slight shove" with his ice-axe to test its stability. Whereupon, shaken to the core, it gave up the ghost and disappeared silently into the depths of the crevasse.

We Munched Our Food

After that we had to bridge it properly with an aluminium ladder. George Lowe and I always called this place the "Ghastly Crevasse," which pretty well summed up our feelings towards it.

Ahead of us was a vast series of icecliffs. They looked absolutely hopeless, but we felt there had to be a route. Cramponing up steep slopes we made gradual height and finally emerged on the crest of a little snowy saddle. We sat down for a rest and munched our food.

I was looking pessimistically at the route ahead when I suddenly felt a surge of excitement. "Hey, chaps! That's the edge of the Cwm up there; if we can get up that cliff, we're right!" But the cliff looked as impossible as all the rest of them had.

It took us a long time to trek a way up, but when we reached the top there was no doubt about it—we were on the edge of the Western Cwm. The block of ice on which we were standing looked as though it might start its trip down the icefall at any moment, but it was connected to the area above by an excellent snowbridge.

With renewed energy we charged across it, climbed a small slope and stood looking down into a pleasant, snowy hollow. It was the ideal spot for Camp 3—safe, with plenty of room.

Two Figures At Camp

We returned down the icefall in a glow of excitement and looked with scorn on its dangers. Soon we were dropping down the last gully towards Camp 2. We could see the tents now, and to our surprise there were two figures standing beside them. We waved and hurried on down. It was John Hunt and Ang Namgyal and it was good to see them. Hunt was tremendously pleased at our news, although he was far from happy at the dangerous nature of the route.

I took Hunt back up our route as far as the "Ghastly Crevasse" to give him some idea of what it was like, and then we rejoined the others at Camp 2.

I didn't envy John Hunt his task of deciding whether we should use this route for porters. It certainly had its dangers, but George Lowe and I were convinced it was the only way. Hunt agreed that we would have to use this route, but he emphasized that we must spare no effort to reduce its dangers to a minimum. We all roped up and, carrying our personal gear, started down, reaching Base Camp in a surprisingly short time, feeling rather tired but well satisfied with our efforts.

Several days later we returned to the attack. Our first task was to make the icefall route sufficiently safe and easy to enable our band of porters to get up it.

Meanwhile, another group of us was working on the upper icefall. Westmacott and I established Camp 3, and

WHO'S WHO?

They look alike, but their lives have been very different. From the details below, can you provide each woman with her potted biography—and her name? The answers are on page 43

BORN:
A. Forty years ago in Tottenham, London, daughter of a civil servant.
B. Forty-one years ago in London, daughter of a boarding-house keeper.

FIRST JOB:
C. A shorthand typist.
D. Walking on in *The Good Companions.*

HAS SAID:
E. "I like gardenias, Shakespeare, George Bernard Shaw, children and politics."
F. "I haven't time for marriage. Politics! They have always been my hobby. I haven't time for anything else."

FAMOUS AS:
G. A left-wing star of the trade union movement.
H. A right-wing star of the House.

from it we improved the route below. Westmacott seemed to have fully recovered his strength and one evening, just to show how well acclimatized he was, he produced a *Times* crossword puzzle and proceeded to work the whole thing out—a feat I was incapable of emulating even at sea level.

Although Camp 3 was at the entrance to the Western Cwm, we were still cut off from it by an enormous crevasse. We examined it very closely, but couldn't find any bridge over it.

In the afternoon of April 25, a big party arrived—Hunt, Evans, Noyce, Gregory, and Tenzing, together with a large number of Sherpas. It was the first big lift up the icefall and everything seemed to have gone very well.

A large camp was quickly erected, and the equipment and food were put into piles and covered up.

Frail Link Over Gash

Hunt's thoughts were concentrated on overcoming the last barrier and getting into the Western Cwm. He immediately suggested we use the rest of the day in bridging the great crevasse. Hunt, Evans, Noyce, Tenzing and I set off, carrying three six-foot lengths of our aluminium ladder.

On the edge of the crevasse, we bolted them strongly together and then lowered the eighteen-foot ladder carefully into place. It spanned with a couple of feet to spare, but it looked a frail link across the deep gash. I crawled over it to try it out, and although it swayed a little it seemed stable enough.

April 26 dawned fine and clear. It was to be our first big day in the Western Cwm. Hunt, Evans, Tenzing and I were to go ahead and complete the route as far as the site of the Swiss Camp 4. Noyce and Gregory were to follow behind with six laden Sherpas. Hunt and Evans tied on to one rope and Tenzing and I on to another.

This was the first time that I had climbed with Tenzing, or indeed even seen him climbing, and I was very interested to watch him in action. Tenzing on his part was obviously viewing the day's activity with considerable enthusiasm, as up to now he had been necessarily confined to Base Camp with the numerous duties involved in his important task of helping to organize the Sherpas.

Dug Up Swiss Stores

The sun was now very hot indeed and the Western Cwm became an absolute inferno. The combination of heat and altitude produced a lassitude that was hard to overcome. We caught up with Hunt and took over the lead. The snow was deep and loose and making a trail was tiring work. I was feeling fit and pushed on hard, but Tenzing was eager to do his share.

After a long and hot battle with the deep snow, we climbed the last small slope to Camp 4, where a pile of snow-covered boxes and bags, left by the Swiss, greeted our eyes. We started digging round and a considerable quantity of useful food came to light.

Hunt and Evans arrived—Hunt looking drawn and tired. But we were already getting accustomed to his habit of driving himself to the limit, with the inevitable reaction at the end of the day. The astonishing thing was how he recovered overnight and pushed on as hard as ever the next day.

After a couple of hours, Tenzing and I started off down, as we were going right back to Base Camp. We raced down the Cwm and caught up to Noyce and Gregory and their Sherpas who had dumped their loads about half an hour from Camp 4. At Camp 3 we met Bourdillon and Ward, who had brought up a band of laden porters. The icefall lift seemed to be on in earnest.

We dropped quickly down to Camp 2 and found George Lowe in residence with another group of porters. For a few moments we swapped stories and then I turned to leave. "I'll say hello over the radio link-up at 5 o'clock," I commented idly.

"That'll be the day," said George, who knew that this meant getting

Say it with Flowers

... fifty pounds' worth of damage from last night's gale, and all because you forgot to shut down the lights!

Fifteen years with Mr. Jeff, and I'd never let him down till lately. Now it's the third time – can't see him keeping me on after this

You're always so tired nowadays, George – why not see the doctor?

AT THE DOCTOR'S

... and even after an early night I wake up tired!

Well, there's nothing organically wrong with you. And yet you say even a full night's sleep doesn't refresh you. I'd say you weren't getting the right kind of sleep. For sleep to benefit you properly, it must be completely relaxed – brain, nerves, muscles, all of you must rest fully. Drink a hot cup of Horlicks before you go to bed

SO HORLICKS EVERY NIGHT

LATER – ONE EVENING

Sky looks like frost, Maisie – and Mr. Jeff's still not back. I'm going to light the boiler at the nursery

But, George, you've been working like a slave all day! It'll take hours to get the heating going!

THAT NIGHT

That freak frost caught all the other growers – but you were a jump ahead, as usual! This is worth a bonus!

JEFF'S NURSERIES

And I can thank Horlicks for that – no more tiredness for me!

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Cheese Pastry

4 oz. (4 heaped tablespoons) plain or self-raising flour. 2 oz. Stork Margarine. 3 oz. (6 heaped tablespoons) grated cheese. 1 tablespoon egg yolk. Pinch of salt, pepper and cayenne.

Toppings

Sliced cheese, ham, liver sausage, tinned meat, etc. Fish or meat paste, chutney, mustard, sweet pickle, etc., to spread.

Garnishings

Sliced tomato, sliced radishes, or radish "roses", sliced gherkins, stuffed olives, or black olives, or pickled walnuts, parsley or watercress.

Sieve the flour, salt, pepper and cayenne together, rub in the Stork and stir in the cheese. Mix with the egg yolk, form into a ball, roll out thinly, and cut into fancy shapes with pastry cutters (rounds, squares, hearts, diamonds, etc.). Brush with remaining egg yolk, place on a baking sheet and bake for 15-20 minutes in a moderate oven (Regulo 4: 360°F.) on the second shelf from the top. Cool.

To Finish. With cutters, or sharp knife cut out or spread toppings to shape of pastries (see illustrations). Coat undersides of whichever topping is used with sweet pickle, mustard, etc. Press gently down on pastry base and decorate tops with garnishings as illustrated. Makes approximately 20-25 pastries.

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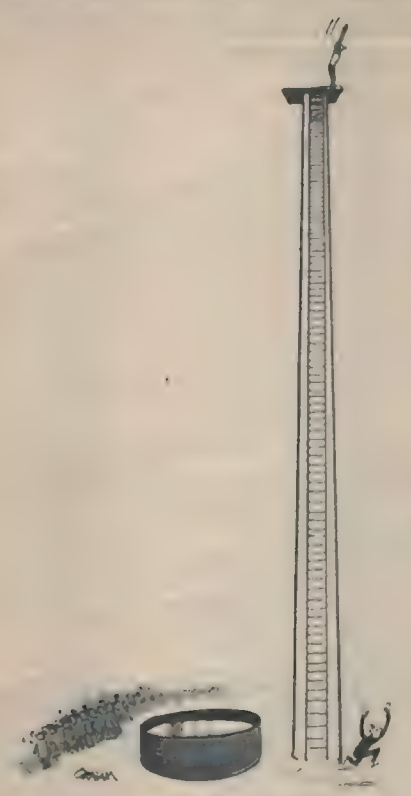

down to Base in the unprecedented time of less than an hour. This seemed a good enough excuse to hurry and I set off at a run with the unfortunate Tenzing running behind. I jogged through the "Atom Bomb" area and approached its last crevasse.

Not waiting to cross the bridge, I took a mighty leap into the air and landed with some force on the far side.

The Rope Came Tight

It was too much for the over-hanging lip, and with a sharp crack it split off and dropped into the crevasse with me on top of it. I didn't have much time to think. I only knew that I had to stop being crushed by the twisting block and I threw my feet hard against one wall and my shoulders against the other. Next moment, Tenzing had pulled the rope tight and the block dropped away beneath me.

Tenzing's reaction had been very quick. I cut my way to the surface without too much difficulty and thanked Tenzing for his capable handling of the situation. He seemed to regard it as a rather good joke. Berating myself mentally for being so foolishly careless, I started on again. But human nature being what it is I reached Base Camp just in time to say a breathless "Hello" to George.

I had found Tenzing an admirable companion—capable, willing, and extremely pleasant. His rope work was first class, as my near-catastrophe had shown. Best of all, as far as I was concerned, he was prepared to go fast and hard.

For the next few days, despite deplorable weather, the lifts of gear through the icefall and up the Western Cwm went on continuously. Apart from this tedious and often dangerous work, the main interest in the expedition had turned to the reconnaissance of the Lhotse face.

Hunt had decided that, in order to give the closed circuit oxygen set (our rather radical new type) a thorough testing at higher altitudes, it should be used on this reconnaissance. Bourdillon and Evans, the formidable "closed circuit" team, were to be the spearhead of the attack, and Hunt was to be one of the support group.

The attack on the Lhotse face exerted a powerful fascination on the members of the expedition—we felt that it was the key to the summit—and all of us who weren't taking part in it looked with envious eyes on those who were. I had already had more than my share of the enjoyable jobs on the expedition, but I racked my brains for some excuse that would let me get in at least on the ground floor of the reconnaissance.

I proposed to Hunt that two of us should do a long and severe test of our open-circuit oxygen apparatus. My suggestion was that if the set stood up to a rigorous test and enabled us to do a longer, harder day, then our confidence in it would be enormously increased. I thought that if two of us could go from Base Camp to Camp 4 and back in one day—a full two-day trip without oxygen—we would have shown its worth. Hunt, happily, agreed to this suggestion and to Tenzing accompanying me.

On May 1 most of the party were on the icefall or up in the Western Cwm, and it was very quiet at Base Camp. I knew that on the following day the closed circuit team would be attacking the Lhotse face and I was eager to be at Camp 4 when they returned.

We awoke very early next day to find it clear and cold. We had a quick breakfast and then lifted our oxygen sets on to our backs. At 6.30 a.m. we were away. I knew that our oxygen would be completely exhausted by 11.30 so I set a hard pace.

Tenzing Waved Me On

We surged up through the lower icefall and the forty pounds on our backs seemed like nothing at all. This oxygen is certainly the stuff, was my thought as we walked into Camp 2 after less than ninety minutes' going.

Everyone was in bed, and it was bitterly cold. A stove was lit and a cup of coffee produced and then we moved on again. I suggested to Tenzing that he take the lead, but he smiled and waved me on. Refreshed by the hot drink, we found the two inches of fresh snow on the track no problem at all and walked into Camp 3 after fifty minutes of steady plodding. We had a pleasant chat and another hot drink and continued on.

We drove ourselves with determination and finally dragged ourselves into Camp 4 at 11.30—two hours travelling from Camp 3.

The afternoon passed quite pleasantly. First of all, Wylie and Ward arrived up with heavy loads, and after them came six Sherpas. Before long, a much bigger camp had been established. But time was passing and there was still no sign of the "closed-circuit" team. We were seriously contemplating a rescue party when they appeared in sight, moving very slowly down towards us. From their frequent rests, it was obvious that they had had a tough day.

We went out to meet them. Evans and Bourdillon were very tired, but Hunt looked absolutely exhausted. I was helping him down the slope when he produced a classic of understatement: "You know, Ed, for the first time I really feel a bit done in!"

Dashed Into Storm

They told us how they had managed to reach about five hundred feet up the Lhotse face, but how the great heat and heavy loads had more than outweighed the advantages of the oxygen. But they still felt confident that, given suitable conditions, the closed circuit set would be a powerful contribution to success. At 4.20, travelling light without any oxygen, Tenzing and I dashed off into a gathering storm back to Camp 2.

We had only gone a quarter of a mile before the wind and snow swooped down on us with unbelievable fury. Our widely spaced flags were, for most of the time, invisible. With only my memory of the lie of the land to guide me, I felt my way down through the driving mist, groaning with the effort of plugging every step.

It was a great moment when I found the bridge above Camp 3. We crawled across it and in bitter, driving hail

WHO'S WHO?

B C F H are the clues on page 40 which help to identify the woman on the left as Patricia Hornsby-Smith, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Health.

A D E G are the clues which identify the woman on the right as Rosamund John, the film star. She is vice-president of Equity, the actors' trade union.

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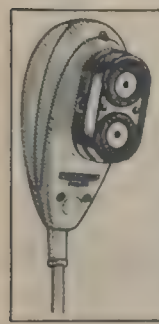

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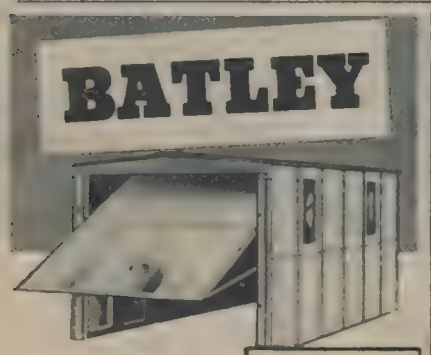

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"Would you like a second opinion, Mrs. Carruthers?"

made our way slowly to the camp.

Now, despite the lack of visibility, I was on familiar ground. But the heavy snow had concealed every hole and small crevasse. I ploughed my way down. The light was rapidly fading, but a sudden easing of the heavy snowfall improved the visibility and we made a desperate dash for Camp 2.

There was no one there. There were tents and sleeping-bags and food, but as I looked at their cold misery I thought of the warm comfort of Base Camp. "What do you think, Tenzing? Shall we push on down?" Tenzing looked into the gathering dusk and shrugged his shoulders: "Just as you like!"

I decided that the risk was worth it and that we would go on. I started down into the "Atom Bomb" area. In the dim light and under its blanket of snow, it was an eerie and frightening sight. The track seemed to have been engulfed.

For one awful moment I completely lost my sense of direction and searched frantically for the route. I was fighting off a feeling almost of panic when I suddenly recognized the shape of a piece of ice and knew we were on the right road. To cross its last crevasse was like a reprieve to a doomed man.

Couldn't See A Thing

It was now almost dark and the tumbled mass of iceblocks all looked the same. For a period, we seemed to be lost. It was hard work making the trail in the deep snow and I had to let Tenzing have a go at it.

As soon as he got in front of me, his black figure and the long rope made the whole slope come into perspective. I started recognizing parts of the route again. I shouted to him to move farther to the right. Next moment we slid down a steep slope into "Hellfire Alley." It was pitch dark when we crossed the last bridge in the icefall. It wasn't dangerous any more, but we had no torch, so couldn't see a thing.

The lights of Base Camp were a welcome sight and as we walked up the last slope towards them we were pretty tired. Next day most of us descended down the valley to a rest camp at Lobuje.

When we returned to Base Camp three days later, we felt greatly refreshed and eager to get on.

The members of Lhotse face reconnaissance party were there when we arrived, and we cross-questioned them. Apparently they had met many difficulties, but had established Camp 5 at 22,000 feet and Camp 6 at 23,000 feet. In a last thrust, Evans and Bourdillon had reached to over 23,500 feet.

Most of the night, John Hunt's light was shining and his typewriter was tapping. But when he called Evans and myself together for a conference next morning, May 7, he was his usual drawn-faced but positive self. He invited our comments on a list he had drawn up apportioning certain tasks in the assault to certain people. We agreed with all his selections.

Hiss Of Satisfaction

We crossed over to the large tent where the whole expedition was gathered and, as we went inside, it was impossible not to feel the air of suppressed excitement and anticipation. Hunt started talking and there was a sudden hush in the tent as everyone concentrated on his words, and on every face I could read the same thought: Hurry up, John! Tell us what job you've given to me! John Hunt picked up his list and started reading, and as each name came up with its task I could hear tense lungs relaxing with a hiss of satisfaction.

The tough problem of the Lhotse face had been given to Lowe, Westmacott and Band; the vital job of getting a large number of Sherpa porters to the South Col to Noyce and Wylie; the first assault party, using the powerful closed-circuit oxygen apparatus, was to be Evans and Bourdillon; Hunt and Gregory were the support party to establish Camp 9 at 28,000 feet; Tenzing and I were the second assault party using the open-circuit oxygen set.

Tenzing was in the tent with us, and Hunt explained to him in his fluent Hindustani the details of the plan and the allocation of tasks. When Hunt came to his name, Tenzing smiled as though well satisfied.

We didn't waste any time putting the plan into operation, but right from the start, the Lhotse face party became depleted. Band developed a cold and had to return to Base, and Westmacott, though he tried again and again, seemed unable to drive himself much over 22,000 feet. So the burden of the task fell on George Lowe.

By May 11 George was established in Camp 6 at a height of 23,000 feet. His only companion was Ang Nyima.

The majority of our stores had been lifted through the icefall and were well on their way up the Cwm. By May 14 most of us had moved up to live at Camp 4, and George Lowe had succeeded in pushing the route through to

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OH, JOHNNY! *by TIM*

24,000 feet and found a site for Camp 7.

There now began the most frustrating period that the expedition was to experience—a period during which it appeared at times as if the whole attack was breaking down. From our grandstand seat at Advance Base we could watch all the activities on the Lhotse face with binoculars, and every morning a worried line of climbers would be looking anxiously upwards. And none was more anxious than John Hunt. The record read:

"*May 16* . . . George Lowe and Wilf Noyce started from Camp 6 for Camp 7 but, after going half way, returned. George had taken a sleeping-pill with disastrous effect and kept falling asleep . . ."

A vital day lost!

"*May 18* . . . George, Mike and Da Tensing went for a short distance above Camp 7 and then returned to camp. They hadn't gone as far as the previous day. . . ."

Courageous Decision

Valuable time was passing, and our progress up the mountain was virtually at a standstill. Obviously some drastic action was called for. John Hunt made a strong and courageous decision. He decided to commence immediately the next phase of the operation—the carrying of equipment and food up to the South Col. The route there wasn't completed, so these men would have to make it for themselves.

Noyce, who was leading the first group of Sherpas, had the enormous responsibility of seeing that they got there. On May 20 he and his nine Sherpas climbed slowly up to Camp 7.

We were out of our tents unusually early on May 21, for we knew it was probably our most crucial day. "Would the Sherpas start?" was the question we kept asking ourselves. For a long time nothing happened and a general feeling of depression spread through the camp.

Then, at 10 a.m., there was a shout from someone and we looked up to see two dots climbing above Camp 7. The Sherpas had refused to start, so Noyce and stout-hearted Annullu were trying to get through by themselves, using oxygen. Our excitement was intense as we watched them climb steadily up the Lhotse glacier and then strike out strongly to the left across the great traverse leading to the South Col. With every hundred feet they gained, our spirits rose accordingly.

On the lower slopes, Charles Wylie and the second group of nine Sherpas were making their way slowly up towards Camp 7. With all our South Col Sherpas crowded into Camp 7, our limited supplies of food and fuel up there would be quickly consumed. Either the whole party would have to go to the South Col tomorrow, or descend instead into the Cwm, which would delay the attack by perhaps a week. They must be persuaded to go on!

With a glance at the two figures climbing higher and higher towards the South Col, I went over to John Hunt's tent. Evans was already there. I pleaded with Hunt to let me and Tenzing go up and boost the next day's effort. I knew that by using oxygen we could easily go from Camp 4 to Camp 7 in the afternoon and that Tenzing's presence alone would probably be sufficient to inspire his Sherpas to action.

To my surprise, John readily agreed, but he stressed the importance of our not going above Camp 7 unless it was absolutely necessary.

I rushed off to tell Tenzing the good news and then hastily helped Bourdillon prepare two oxygen sets.

We reached Camp 7 at 4.30 p.m. and Noyce and Annullu returned half an hour later. They had done magnificently and had reached the South Col. I felt that they had broken the spell which seemed to be holding us back.

As we crawled into our tents for the night, the general morale in the camp was excellent, and remembering Hunt's instructions I asked Tenzing if he thought the Sherpas could get to the South Col without someone else going along. Tenzing thought not. I decided that we would have to go on.

Sherpas Had Triumphed

The morning was fine but cold, with a bitter wind. We commenced cooking at 5 a.m. but didn't leave until 8.30. Tenzing and I went on ahead, kicking and cutting a route, while Wylie coaxed and helped the Sherpas along.

By the time we reached the top of the Lhotse glacier, the Sherpas were already tired; on the traverse many of them were lying down to rest and crawling on their hands and knees. But somehow they kept on and thirteen stout-hearted Sherpas climbed the last few hundred feet and dropped their loads on the South Col.

It was a great triumph. It meant that our second problem had been overcome: the grim defences of the Lhotse face had been defeated and the South Col stocked. The way was now open for the assault.

As Tenzing and I climbed wearily down off the Lhotse glacier towards Advance Base, we met a heavily-laden party on the way up—it was the "closed-circuit" team. Evans and Bourdillon, and Hunt himself. In two days they would be camping on the South Col. The attack was on!

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